



THE

# Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 15 June 1960

*The  
Steppers-out  
and the  
Sitters-out*





# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3068

15 JUNE 1960

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## MARQUEES, CHA-CHAS AND ALL THAT



NORMAN EALES photographed the couple in the marquee, who don't fall exactly into either the Stepper-out or Sitter-out category. Standers-out, perhaps? Anyway they've both got a drink. The girl wears a dress of cyclamen-printed nylon net by Belinda Bellville.

THESE are the dancing months, what with the coming-outs and the summer balls. So it seemed a good moment to devote attention to who's who on and off the floor. Hence *The steppers-out and the sitters-out* (page 591 onwards), which tracks down some of the more polished performers, and incidentally examines the ever-expanding repertoire required of them. . . . It is only natural that this should be followed by news of recent dances, and there are pictures of Mrs. John Colegrave's dance at Wadhurst (page 593), Lady Muir Mackenzie's reception in Knightsbridge (page 595). . . . Also on the social side are two annual events with an outdoor flavour. For the first Erich Auerbach went to Glyndebourne to photograph the opening of the new opera season (page 608). For the second, Roger Hill went back to his old university to record *Saturday in Eights Week* (page 596). . . .

Still in the open air, Counter Spy, who was up the garden path last week, is outside again. As there was also some gambolling on the lawn the week previously, this is positively the last venture through the french windows until further notice. But you are not likely to mind this return to familiar ground when you see the delicious drawings by Gordon Davis of *Furnishing the garden* (page 618). . . . Meanwhile the fashion department have been leaving dry land behind. They went aboard with Desmond Russell to photograph clothes for the sailing season. See *On beat off-shore* (page 611 onwards). . . .

For the travel-minded who take their wine seriously Oswald Stein writes evocatively of the pleasures of tasting in Austria's heurigers. It is an authoritative description of *The habits and hazards of the heuriger*—"the fruits," as Colonel Stein puts it, "of a misspent old age. . . ." As for Claud Cockburn, his latest piece of wry humour is just the fruit of his own ripe imagination. He calls it *Birth of a salesman* (page 601). . . .

Next week: Life in the lunch hour. . . .

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## Going Places

### SOCIAL

**British-American Ball**, 21 June, Dorchester Hotel, in aid of British American Associates. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mrs. M. Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

**Royal Tournament**, 22 June to 9 July, Earls Court.

**Midsummer Ball**, 23 June, Hopetoun House, South Queensferry. Tickets: £5 10s. (double) from Mr. I. A. Gilmour, 32 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, 3.

**Cotswold Hunt Summer Dance**, 24 June, Stowell Park.

**Eton v. Winchester**, 24 & 25 June. **Monte Carlo**. Summer Sporting Club Opening Gala, 1 July.

**Oxford Balls**: Hertford College Summer Ball, 17 June; Christ Church, Queen's College & Merton

College Commemoration Balls, 20 June; Jesus College & Wadham College Commemoration Balls, 21 June.

### SPORT & SHOWS

**Racing**, Royal Ascot. Today, Royal Hunt Cup; tomorrow, Gold Cup. **Cricket**: South Africans v. Somerset (Taunton), today to 17 June; v. Hampshire (Southampton), 18, 20, 21 June; Second Test Match, Lord's, 23-28 June. National Book League v. Authors, Vincent Square, Westminster, 22 June.

**Tennis**: Wimbledon Championships, 20 June-2 July.

**Golf**: Brabazon Trophy, Scarborough, 16-18 June; Scottish Ladies Championship, Turnberry, Ayr, 16-24 June.

**Polo**: Royal Windsor Cup Final, Smith's Lawn, Windsor, 19 June. **Rowing**: Marlow Amateur Regatta, 18 June.

**Sailing**: Merlin Rocket Week, Weymouth, 20-25 June.

**Motor Cycling**: International T.T. Races, Isle of Man, today & 17 June.

**Shows**: Royal Highland, 21-24 June (Ingliston, near Edinburgh); Derbyshire, 18 June; Huntingdonshire, 18 June; Lincolnshire, 22, 23 June; Royal Counties, Salisbury, 22-25 June.

### MUSICAL

**Glyndebourne Opera Festival**. *I Puritani*, *Falstaff*, *Der Rosenkavalier*. To 16 August. (WEL 1010, Ringmer 234.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Otello* (first performance of season), 7 p.m., 17 June. (COV 1066.)

**Lakeside Concerts**, Kenwood, Hampstead. 8 p.m., 18 & 25 June.

**Kenwood Chamber Music Concerts**, Kenwood House. 19 & 26 June.

**Royal Festival Hall**. B.B.C. Light Music Festival, "New Music For Brass." 7.30 p.m., 18 June; St. Paul's Cathedral Choir (in the presence of Princess Alexandra), 8 p.m., 20 June. (WAT 3191.)

### ART

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 14 August.

**Sickert** (paintings & drawings), Tate Gallery, S.W.1. To 19 June. (See page 624.)

**19th- & 20th-Century French Paintings & Drawings**, Roland

Browse & Delbanco, Cork Street, W.1. To 25 June.

**Portraits of Children**, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, W.1. To 22 June.

### FESTIVALS OF THE ARTS

**Aldeburgh Festival**, to 26 June.

**York Festival**, to 3 July.

### FAIRS & EXHIBITIONS

**Antique Dealers' Fair**, Grosvenor House, to 23 June.

**"The Restoration" Exhibition**, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 22 July.

### FIRST NIGHT

**Sadler's Wells**. *The Finsbury Story*, a dramatic chronicle. 20 June to 2 July.

### THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 521.

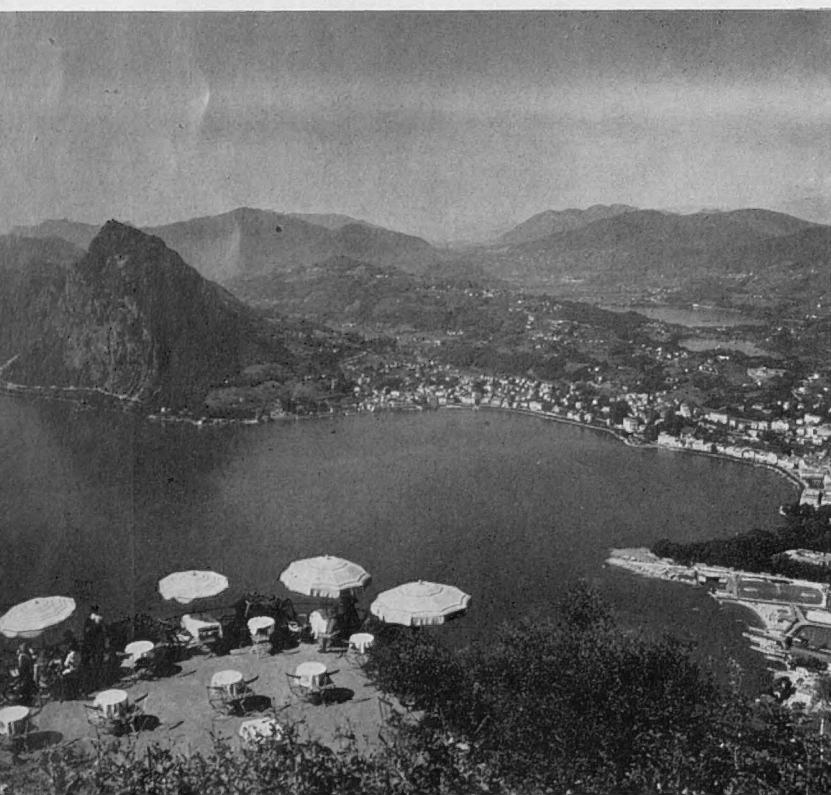
**Ned Kelly**. "... curious vagaries of production ... songs to fill up gaps in the story ... yet through all this confusion ... an heroic and likeable figure." Harry H. Corbett, Sean Lynch, Robert Henderson, Avis Bunnage.

### CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 522.

G.R. = General release

**The Trials Of Oscar Wilde**. "... the atmosphere of a bygone age has been most skilfully recaptured ... Mr. Peter Finch's portrayal of Wilde is exceptionally fine." Peter Finch, Yvonne Mitchell, John Taylor, Lionel Jeffries, James Mason. G.R.



Tables shaded by gay umbrellas overlook the still lake and the mountain-ringed city of Lugano

## Switzerland under the icing

by DOONE BEAL

MANY people know Switzerland only from its ski resorts and its winter, wedding-cake landscape. They are unaware of its summer beauty of intense, miraculous green, and the fact that—in parts like Lugano—the climate and the flowers are Mediterranean. But the midsummer air retains a sparkle, and the flowers a freshness, when many of the holiday coasts are dust bowls. And lake water has still an exhilarating shock of the coolness one craves when some oceans are so warm as to be almost soupy.

The lake of Lugano, lying halfway between Lake Maggiore and Lake Como, is smaller than either. The charming and lively Italianate city is right in the middle, with the narrow fiord-like lake winding away to either side. Almost facing Lugano, across the water, is the Italian enclave of Campione, with an excellent casino on it; steamers (and buses across the causeway)

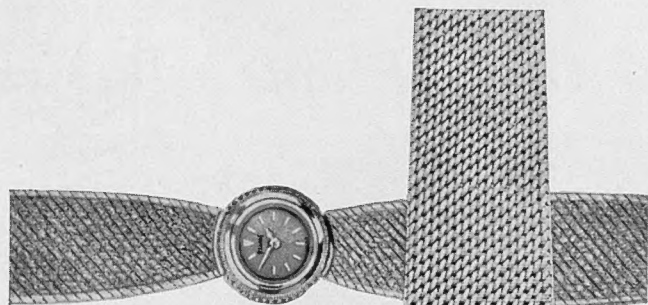
ply regularly back and forth—a ten-minute trip—and there are no customs formalities or regulations. From Monte San Salvatore (which you can reach by funicular from Lugano), the view stretches from the Valais Alps across to the plains of Lombardy. This is great walking country, and though you may quail at the thought, there is enough sparkle in the air, even in August, to replace one's customary languor with a curious zest to be up and going. For motorists, it is an easy drive from Lugano to either Menaggio or south to Como itself. But I must admit that my memories of touring the Swiss/Italian lakes by car are of some all-too-frequent queues for Customs at the frontier, so often does it weave in and out.

Lugano itself, despite its Italian flavour, is what one might call Swiss-International. French, German, English and Italian are all

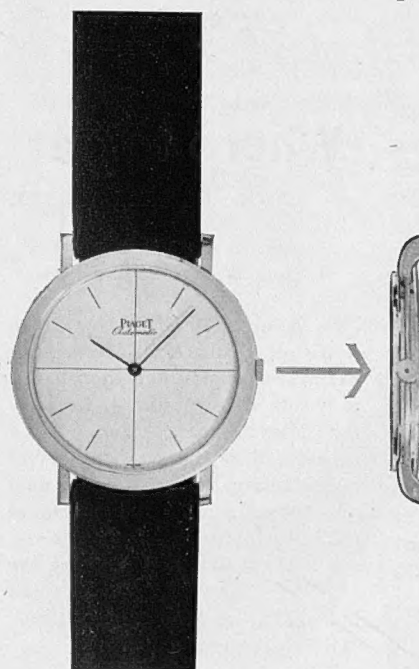
CONTINUED ON PAGE 586



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GOING PLACES *continued*

spoken, and the city has taken its flavour from all four, though with a bias towards the Italian. The best and the worst of Switzerland is that it is clean, safe, and easy to understand; you don't get the feeling of having discovered somewhere quaint and primitive, nor the exhilaration of battling—and winning—in an unfamiliar language. But Switzerland is the hoteliers' nursery and the hotels are clean, efficient, and run to push-button smoothness no matter what their actual category. And the restaurants, especially those magnificent lakeside establishments, are to match. Nearly always beautifully set, with much white napery, candles, flowers, fireworks—the lot. One of the best and most aptly named in the district is La Romantica at Melide. In these super restaurants you get the delicate lake fish as well as some more elaborate essays in *haute cuisine*. There are light, flowery wines unfamiliar to most people because they don't travel, but which have a curious magic of their own that matches the pale, clear, water-colour landscape. And the landscape of Lugano, with its cone-shaped mountains, is something unforgettable.

Farther north, in central Switzerland, Lucerne has, paradoxically, a gentler landscape than Lugano. But, because of the far higher mountains near it, the snow lingers further into the summer, and the hot weather season is not so long. The old walled city itself—in the Middle Ages it was a vassal city of the House of Habsburg—is full of 15th- and 16th-century houses and its two pretty old wooden bridges, both roofed, are still in daily use. Like the rest of Switzerland, Lucerne is erupting with stylish modern buildings, but it has not yet reached either the size or the pace of Zurich, Basle or Berne. It remains more a resort city than a commercial one, with



90 mins. to Zurich by Caravelle

its luxury hotels (the Grand Hotel Nacional, the Schweizerhof, and the newer Palace), and some excellent restaurants such as the 16th-century Wilden Mann. On top of majestic Mount Pilatus, which can be reached quickly by funicular or a spectacular cable railway, is the Pilatus-Kulm restaurant, with a view to the north as far as the Black Forest. The Chalet Bellevue, where Queen Victoria stayed to watch the sun rise in the Alps, still opens in the 'high season. With time on your hands, you can

explore the lake—the fifth largest in Switzerland—by paddle steamer, spending the night ashore in little towns with William Tell legends and picking up the boat again next day. The steamer company issues four-, seven- and 14-day unlimited trip tickets for this purpose. Lucerne, which has a musical tradition stretching back to Wagner and beyond, holds a music festival from 13 August to 8 September, with nine symphony concerts as well as recitals.

The Swiss have an easy rail network. From Zurich, Lugano is just over three hours by train; a fine trip through the St. Gothard. And one can make the round trip back via Lucerne. Swissair now operate two Caravelle services daily from London to Zurich (flying time only 90 minutes), fare £31 19s., tourist-class return.

## Two days in Paris

Starting today Inter City Tours of Folkestone in association with Silver City Airways will operate 48-hour passport-free excursions between London and Paris. The 11 gns. fare covers accommodation for two nights at a good hotel. Two-way flights leave on Tuesdays and Wednesdays with express coach services London-Lydd and auto-rail Paris-Le Touquet.

## Where to eat

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**New Kulna**, 36 Gloucester Road (top end), South Kensington. (KEN 0271.) For little more than half a sovereign this restaurant, formerly the New Assam, gives you a generous dish of curry, with rice and the necessary trimmings, a salad of Eastern fruits, and a large cup of coffee. The curries, in wide variety, are well made and satisfy the experts. The restaurant is small but spotless, and the staff courteous. Wine can be sent out for.

**Hatchett's Restaurant**, 67 Piccadilly, W.1. (HYD 1804.) C.S. As popular with young people to dine and dance at night as it is with their fathers at lunchtime. The layout of the rooms has been modernized while retaining the outline that I knew as a small boy taken there for a treat 50 years ago. For me that is its charm. Evening dress is optional today. A band plays pleasantly from 8 p.m. to 1.30 a.m. and 12.30 a.m. on Saturdays. W.B.

**Trocadero Grill**, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) It has been consistently good as long as I have known it—for 35 years. Always full, but never overcrowded, and the service is

outstanding. One of the best curries in London is on the menu every day except Sunday. There are several other specialities in a big menu. Music at lunchtime and dancing in the evenings, except on Sundays. There is a special menu for fourth-formers and below. W.B.

**Gale's**, 13 Percy Street, W.1. (MUS 4804.) C.S. Tommy Gale, an experienced Cockney restaurateur, has here achieved a first-class restaurant of his own. Game dishes are a speciality, including *Canard Sauvage à la Presse*. The wine list is good. For those prepared to spend a bit more there are six splendid wines specially shipped. W.B.

## Chez Bourgeois

**Priay**. Going from Lyon to Pont d'Ain, branch left at Meximeux off N 84. At the Hotel Bourgeois is to be found splendid cooking. Madame Marie Bourgeois, mother of the present and charming *patronne*, was twice judged the best cook in all France and the standard is still superbly high. The *Pâté Chaud Bourgeois* is wonderful, so is the *Omble Chevalier au beurre Mousse* and the trout from the Ain. Discerning Swiss travel from Geneva to eat there, so book well ahead (Telephone, PRIAY 2) to sit in the small old-fashioned salon, and don't forget the local wine, Brouilly.

## Other People's Babies



JULIAN (five months) and ZARA (2½ years), with their mother. They are the children of Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe, of Swan Walk, S.W.3



TIMOTHY (two years) and SIMON (six years), the children of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Burrough, who live at The Old Vicarage, at Bolney in Sussex



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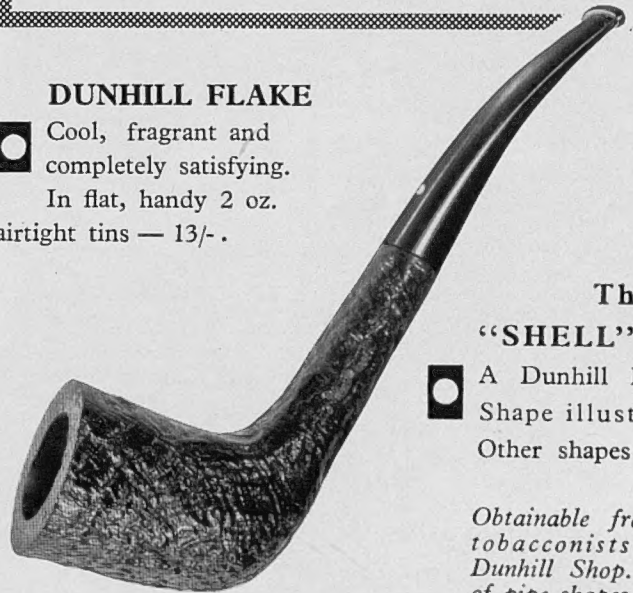
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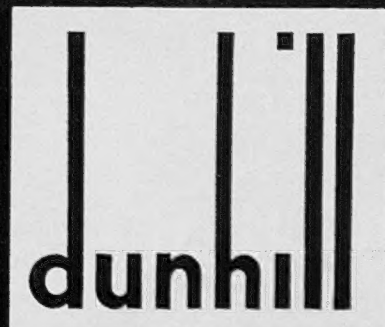
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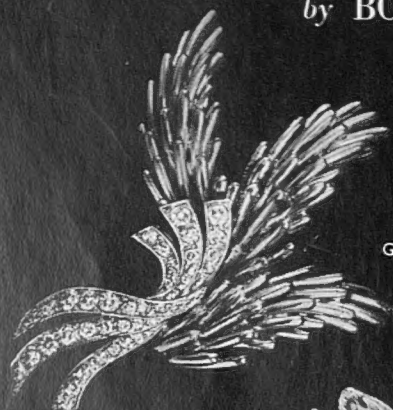


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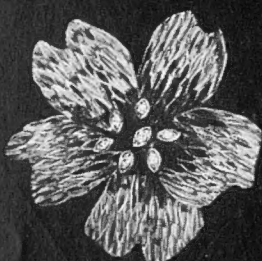
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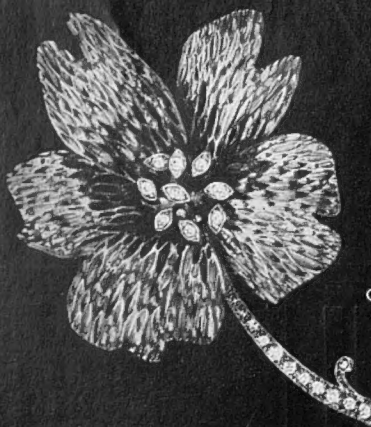
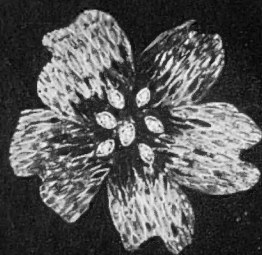
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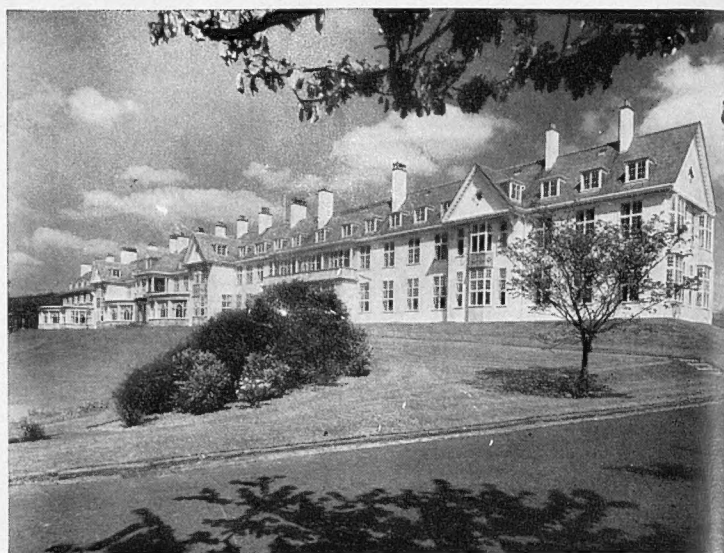
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# Mr. Twee

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What a pretty place—  
Admirable, ducky,  
Look at all the space!  
Come and get a  
Slightly better  
View from over here—  
Don't you see the answer?  
*Pink*, my dear!

Pink's my utter passion—  
Isn't it sublime?  
You can start a fashion  
Years before its time!  
Such a dotty,  
Drive-you-potty,  
Savage little hue—  
Mrs. Blunt, my precious,  
Just for you.

Isn't it a pity  
Mr. Blunt abhors  
All the wildly witty  
Flavour of Quatorze—  
Teeny-weeny  
Amorini  
Hanging from the beams—  
Couldn't you imagine!  
They'd be screams!

Leave it all to Claudie—  
Here's the very chintz.  
Set it off with gaudy  
Little aquatints.  
Madly foolish,  
Faintly ghoulish,  
Staggeringly me—  
What a *darling* coal-shed  
This will be!

*Francis Kinsman*

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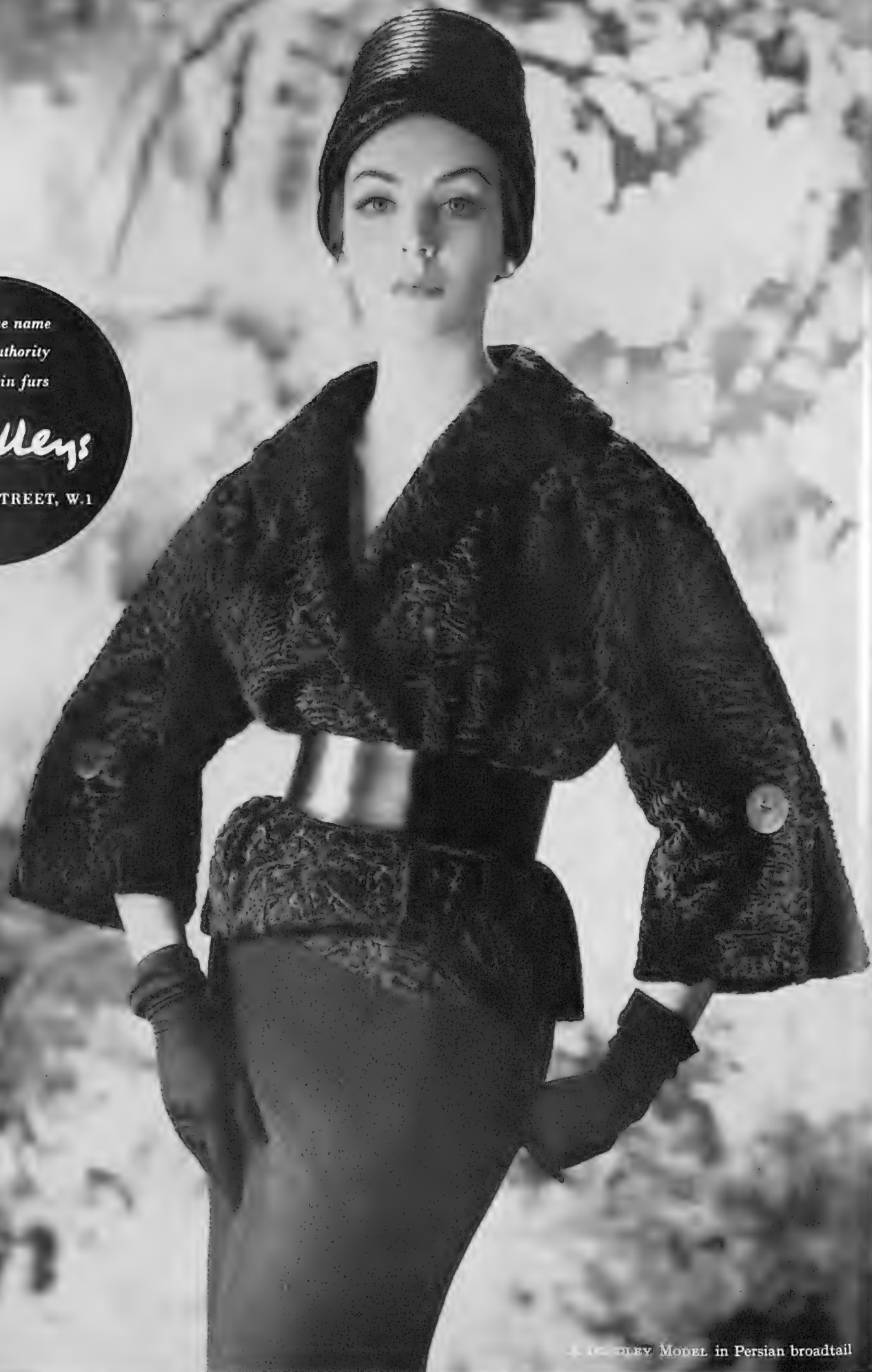
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\* J. C. H. MODEL in Persian broadtail



# THE STEPPERS-OUT *and the sitters-out*



Van Hallan

**Countess Lewisham** (with Mr. Peter Coats): Especially the trot—and the social side



Desmond O'Neill

**Col. John Ward:** Difficult to tempt on to the floor, but once you get him there...



Van Hallan

Red Cross golden jubilee ball at Welbeck Abbey



Van Hallan

**The Hon. Michael & Mrs. Spring-Rice:** Jiving performed with practised abandon



Desmond O'Neill

**Mr. David Buchan of Auchmacoy:** Anything with a Highland skip to it, but only if it's the real McCoy



Van Hallan

**Mr. & Mrs. Basil Lindsay-Fynn:** A flair for the waltz—and Highland dances with polish, too

*It is fundamental to the baffling national character that no Englishman readily admits he is good at dancing. He would almost prefer it to be thought that he can't dance at all. Better still, he would rather the subject weren't mentioned. Dancing is one of those social graces he acquires, as he persuades himself, mainly to please*

*wife or girl friend (women are believed to be born knowing the steps). In fact he enjoys it just as much as they do, and his performance, if less loose-limbed than the Latins', stands international comparisons. (Professional ballroom championships are regularly mopped up by British entrants.) Still, this is a nation of sitters-out rather than steppers-out. And it will take more to change it than the sixth-form dancing classes given by some of the less inhibited public schools, or a home course in the cha-cha as offered by a new Talking Book (out next week). By way of a contribution to letting the national self go, some of the more notable steppers-out, the sort whom a girl in open shoes is relieved to be partnered by, are here prised out from behind their natural reserve and held up to public admiration. Identified, too, are some of the girls who can make the less confident Englishman stop feeling like a passenger on the floor. Who knows, this might even start something? For instance, people might occasionally remember a dance for the dancing, instead of for just the asparagus rolls, or the Cecil Beaton décor, or the blonde girl who passed out. . . .*

## THE STEPPERS-OUT

continued

# **REPERTOIRE** *for a polished performer*

1960

**ROUTINE:** foxtrot, quickstep, slow foxtrot (all with jiving variations), waltz (including Viennese version), samba, mambo

**DE RIGUEUR:** cha-cha, Charleston

**EXOTIC:** merengue, bolero, paso doble

**BE PREPARED:** tango, rumba, eight-some reel, conga, Gay Gordons

**IF SOMEONE INSISTS:** barn dance, Galloping Major, Dashing White Serjeant, Boston two-step, St. Bernard's waltz, Velita, hokey-cokey, Palais glide

**Miss Henrietta Tiarks** (with Mr. Tim Maskell): You wish you could cha-cha like...



Van Hallen

**Mr. Alasdair MacInnes:** A range equal to the demands of any deb. dance

*There's no denying that stepping out grows more demanding. It used to be enough if you could foxtrot, waltz and tango. Nothing much else was ever played, and if it was you could always sit it out. There were new dances from time to time, but none of them lasted long—the Black Bottom, the Big Apple, Truckin'. The big change today is that almost every dance that ever was danced still is. And every season adds a new one. People who thought they could give the cha-cha-cha a miss find that it's still going and that another one, the Madison, is looming up. So to cut a confident figure in 1960 a dancer has to cope with the resounding repertoire listed alongside.*

*Tunes? The Dixieland beat beat rock 'n' roll some time back, and the first notes of Twelfth Street Rag, When the Saints, or the Charleston now signal a frenzy of jiving, says Ian Stewart. Jangly French and florid Italian tunes, a taste picked up on holiday, can be counted on to cause rapture—a French one called Milord is the current favourite. Tunes of the 1930s are the steadies, though. They make up two-thirds of most evenings. Tommy Kinsman accounts for their popularity with the following piece of sociology. Parents tend to put gramophones and records away in the loft as children start to come, then when the children grow old enough to want to learn to dance they dig them out again. So the old tunes are the first they dance to. The next rage? Edmundo Ros predicts High-life dancing from Ghana and the Merecumbe (its South American version). Should be a relief to many—you make up your own steps.*



Desmond O'Neill

**Mr. Mark Watney:** Always on the beat, but noted for his cha-cha



Desmond O'Neill

**Mr. Michael Cory-Wright:** Waltzes with verve. For the Viennese version, Viscount & Viscountess Davidson



Desmond O'Neill

**Mr. Robin Douglas-Home:** A rhythm man, only to be expected from his musical leanings

**Lady Gillian Pepys** (opposite —with Viscount Chelsea): A gay Gay Gordons and a memorable Charleston



Desmond O'Neill

**Lord O'Neill:** Jives with controlled Celtic animation



Desmond O'Neill

**M Carel Mosselmans:** Fractures 'em with his flamenco

Tom Hustler



PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP TOWNSEND

Miss Jenny Birkin and Captain Dennis

*Following up with a dance in point :*

## A MARQUEE BALLROOM

*was erected at Windmill House, Wadhurst, when Mrs. John Colegrave gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Lee Sturgeon*



*Miss Lee Sturgeon, who came out last year. Her mother, Mrs. John Colegrave, gave the party for her at their Wadhurst home. Below: Miss Sarah Drummond*



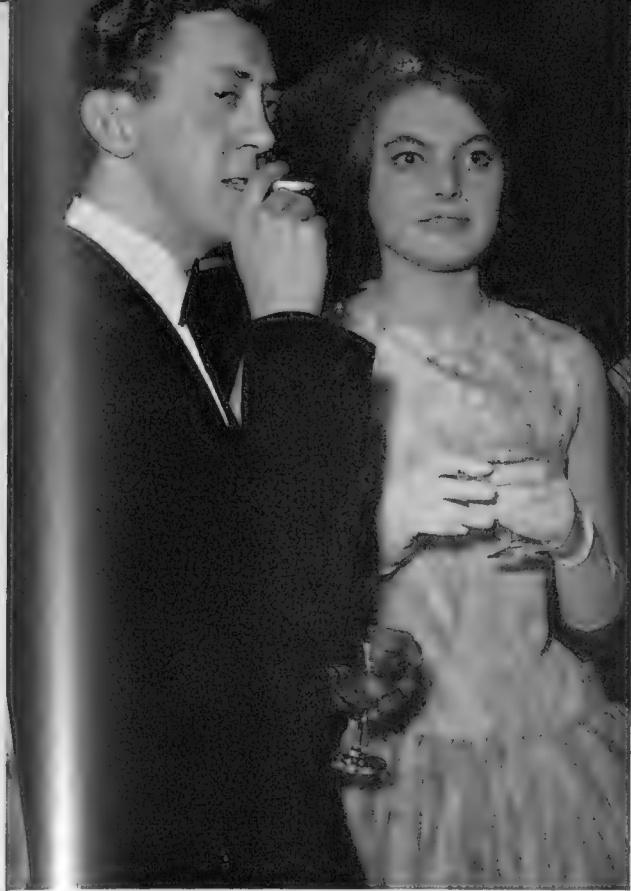
*Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy*



*Mr. Richard Redmayne and Miss Maxine Brodrick*



*Miss Virginia Ropner and Mr. Peter Hordern*



Mr. David Wheeler and Miss Lee Fisher



Mr. John Ropner, Miss Milet Delmé-Radcliffe & Mr. Andrew Douglas-Bate



Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell, whose mother Lady Muir Mackenzie gave the party for her in Knightsbridge, with Mr. Christopher Johnson-Ferguson. Top: Miss Teresa Buckingham who shared a dance last month



Below: Sir Robert Muir Mackenzie and the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston. Below centre: Lady Muir Mackenzie and Miss Lavinia Moreton, a débutante last year



Mr. William Purbrick and Miss Jenny Seth-Smith. Left: Miss Rosemary Hubbard, Miss Sally Raphael and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock. Below: Miss Virginia Curle, Lady Strathcarron's daughter, and Mr. David Luscombe



## A reception in Knightsbridge

given by Lady Muir Mackenzie for her daughter Catriona



Mr. R. Fearnley-Whittingstall



*In Oxford, the last day of the bumping races is an excuse for pretty girls and parties. The only work is done by rowing men (above in Trinity boathouse). Even those with exams can be lured to the barges on the river (above, left) or at least to end-of-day parties*

# SATURDAY IN EIGHTS WEEK

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER HILL



*Cambridge man, Adrian Slade, played the piano for guests in the Brasenose quadrangle during the Eights Week Dance. The Brasenose crew was the only one in the First Division to make a bump each day*





Miss Elisabeth Schlater



Miss Susan Miller



Miss Sally Bentlif and the Hon. Patrick Pakenham watching the boats. The top four crews in the First Division rowed over every night; St. Edmund Hall easily maintaining the first position that qualifies them to compete at Henley Regatta at the end of the month



Miss Anne Tillard



After the races, the parties. The pictures (above) are of the one given by Mr. Michael Hughes, Mr. Adrian Fontes, Mr. Michael Thomas and Mr. Arthur Richardson on the lawns of Trinity. Mr. Richardson is in the middle of the lower picture with two of his guests, Mr. John Paine and Miss Kirstie Mackenzie

## MURIEL BOWEN: *How Sir Victor celebrated*

**D**ERBY NIGHT at the Savoy was gay enough to match the excitement of the afternoon's events at Epsom. Jockey caps were perched precariously on beehive hair-do's. A young man blew a toy trumpet. And friends were milling round the 78-year-old victor of the day, **Sir Victor Sassoon** (who arrived in his wheelchair). He must have had at least 100 handshakes during the evening.

"I think the thing that thrilled him most was that he also bred St. Paddy," American-born Lady Sassoon told me. "The greatest thrill in racing is to be able to breed your own horse to win a Derby. That was why my husband was so upset about Sir Winston Churchill's bad luck."

Lady Sassoon (now completely recovered from a serious illness she had at the beginning of the year) has, in a year of marriage, become as enthusiastic about racing as her husband. After the race she had a discussion on breeding with the **Queen Mother**, who had returned from Rhodesia the day before. "I would not have missed this year's Derby for anything—not with three of Aureole's

colts running," the Queen Mother told her. Both St. Paddy and Auroy (fourth) were sired by Aureole, the Queen's horse, as was Sir Winston's non-starter, Vienna.

Wearing crinkly paper jockey-caps in Sir Victor's colours of peacock and gold were **Sir Noel & Lady Charles** (they holidayed in Nassau with the Sassoons this past winter), **Mr. & Mrs. Robert Boucher**, **Mr. Eugene Mori**, who runs Hialeah, in Florida (one of the world's most luxurious racetracks), and **Mrs. Denise FitzPatrick**.

**Mr. & Mrs. Noel Murless** had to get back to Newmarket from Epsom so they weren't at the party. "We'd love to celebrate the win with you some other time when we're not quite so hectic," he told Sir Victor before leaving the course. But **Mr. & Mrs. Lester Piggott** came on to the Savoy.

Others at the party included **Mrs. Mollie Cullen** who has been managing Miss Elizabeth Arden's stables in Kentucky during the winter (she is over here to do a book on racing), **Sir Robert & Lady Neville**, and **Miss Evelyn Barnes** (Lady Sassoon's 18-year-old niece) who did most of the party organization. Sir Victor (unlike the late Aga Khan) never believes in party plans being made before a Derby, so it was all a spur-of-the-moment affair. But Lady Sassoon's faith in St. Paddy was such that she thought of her party dress months ago. It was peacock and gold, too, of course—sari material she bought in India and had made up in Nassau. (*Derby Day pictures: page 604.*)

### NEXT, THE IRISH DERBY

Another good race party was given by **Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall** at the Dorchester. "We have it every year—but this time we had a dinner instead of a dance as most people were going on to a débutante dance afterwards," said Mrs. More O'Ferrall. A tall, and lissom, brunette, she is perhaps the prettiest of racing wives. The More O'Ferralls' massive colt Kythnos came third in the big race. Now his objective is the Irish Derby (today)—he's already won the Irish Two Thousand Guineas.

Gathered in the candlelit Orchid Room were **Mr. & Mrs. Stavros Niarchos**, the **Hon. "Jakey" & Mrs. Astor**, **Admiral & Mrs. Gene Markey** from Kentucky, **Mr. "Jock" Whitney**, the U.S. Ambassador, & **Mrs. Whitney**, and **Mr. & Mrs. David Niven**. The Nivens are great racegoers, but this year he had spent Derby Day film-making.

### A LIVELY NIGHT IN S.W.1

There was a nice diplomatic touch, I thought, at **Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer Millar's** dance for the coming-out of their younger daughter, **Annabel**. They apologized

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

in advance to neighbours for loss of sleep. But then Sir Frederick is Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, so that sort of thing comes naturally. ("Fortunately the ones we expected to be most upset were out of town that night," one of the family said.) The music wafted out from the Hoyer Millars' home into Eaton Square, and curtains were parted at the neighbouring Irish Club to get a closer look at the proceedings.

The three upstairs drawing-rooms had been opened into one for the occasion and decorated with red and pink roses. Hotting things up there were the Duke & Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Tim Holland-Martin, Miss Fiona Sheffield, Mr. David McEwen, Mr. Richard Carew Pole, and Miss Davina Wallace who was dancing with her uncle, Mr. Billy Wallace.

For those who couldn't go the pace (including me) Sir Frederick had another diplomatic solution. He gently shepherded us towards the salmon kedgeriee, the bacon and eggs, and black cherries and cream in the candlelit dining-room downstairs. "The gulls' eggs are very good, I can recommend them," he said.

I asked Lady Hoyer Millar whose idea it was to have so many lively numbers for the dancing. "I left the choice of music to the children," she said. "None of us really is musical, and anyway I can't keep up with all those things they play nowadays." There were rhumbas and cha-chas, and cha-chas and rhumbas.

Besides Annabel the Hoyer Millar children are Robin and Alastair (both in the City) and Elizabeth, who does part-time charity work for invalid children. She likes the same eating spot as the Prime Minister—the Turf Club—and she took 32 (yes, 32) of her friends to dine there before her parents' dance.

The dance was an all-ages affair. I saw Sir Patrick & Lady Dean (he's shortly off to New York to take Sir Pierson Dixon's job at the United Nations), Mr. & Mrs. John

Merton, Mr. Joe Alsop (American political columnist who is Annabel's godfather), and Mr. & Mrs. Archibald Ross. I also talked to the ravishing Mrs. John Russell, Greek-born wife of the head of the Foreign Office news division. They've just found themselves a new house in Chester Square, she told me.

Such a good dance. A pity the Hoyer Millars have no more daughters.

#### HOW FATHER MUSCLED IN

A girl who came out last year, Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell shared a cocktail party with her mother, Lady Muir Mackenzie, in the large hall of the new and imposing National Farmers' Union building in Knightsbridge (pictures on page 595). For Miss Glencairn-Campbell, a lively brunette, it was an opportunity of showing off her new nose ("I didn't get it for any silly reason—it was because I would have developed sinus when I was 40").

But when it came to sending out the invitations she and her mother didn't have things entirely their own way. Sir Robert Muir Mackenzie, refusing to be satisfied with paying the bill, insisted on inviting some of his own friends. So there were plenty of men. "I'm delighted to see so many of them here," he told me gleefully. "They were being very sticky. I had to assure them that the party had nothing at all to do with the débutante racket."

Capt. Ian Constable Maxwell was in a special category. He was explaining that his daughter Jeannette (her coming-out dance is at Mr. Paul Getty's home later this month) was unable to come and as he didn't want to miss a good party he had come on his own.

There were lots of parents with débutante-age daughters. Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Buckingham came with their daughter, Teresa, Mr. & Mrs. John Burness brought their daughter, Vivienne, and Mr. William Chippindall-Higgin came with his step-daughter, Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker. Many of the girls who came out last year were there, too. I think it was Miss Philippa Hohler who told

me that most of them (including herself) are now "all in the same rut"—doing a secretarial course.

#### BIRTHDAY BROOCH SURPRISE

A chance to look at those tall new buildings going up in London without neck-craning was one of the special success things about the party which Miss Florence Desmond and her husband, Mr. Charles Hughesdon, gave for their friends. Instead of having to look up you could look level, because the party was held in the Dorchester penthouse.

Sir Brian & Lady Mountain, the Earl & Countess of Bessborough, Mr. & Mrs. Basil Mavroleon, and Mr. Sigmund Warburg all took their drinks to the cream stone verandah, with its sea-green couches, and surveyed the skyline.

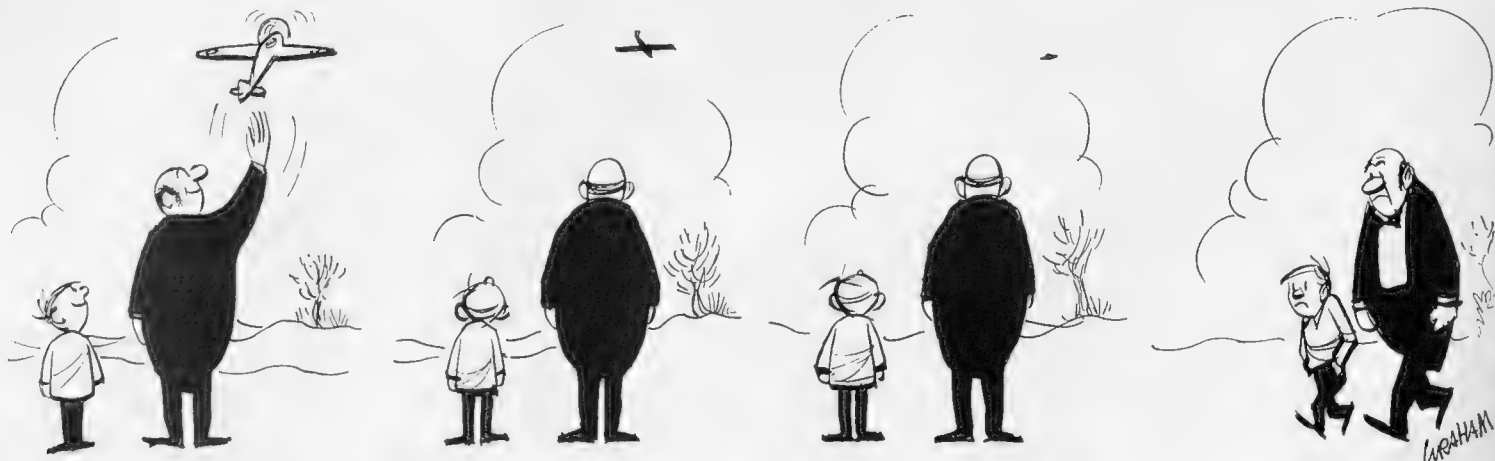
Miss Desmond, vital as ever, a sheen on her coppery head and wearing a froth of a creamy-white ballet-length dress, is giving up the stage. But she didn't seem the least bit sad about it.

"There are so many things that we do—entertaining a lot [at their country house in Surrey and their flat in Mayfair] that I'm so busy I won't miss the stage," she told me. She and her husband are building a new boat—a bigger and better *Monaco Princess*—they've held on to the name of the old one. It will be in the South of France in time for their late July holiday.

From the Dorchester Mr. Hughesdon and his wife took 17 of their guests on to dinner at the Mirabelle. Sir Victor & Lady Sassoon were there with her niece, Miss Evelyn Barnes, who is 18. Sir Victor has quite a memory and knowing Miss Desmond had a birthday coming up he gave her a ruby, diamond and gold brooch.

The Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken also went on to the Mirabelle party, as did Miss Jane Dawson (Miss Desmond's niece, who models for Worth), Mr. & Mrs. Jack Hawkins, Mr. Lance Callingham, and Mr. Michael Hughesdon, the Hughesdons' 20-year-old son. Like his father, he is in insurance.

## BRIGGS by Graham





*The High Light House is due for restoration. The rail ferry docks (below) still prosper*



*Trinity House contributes to keep the town free of unemployment. The Trinity House yacht Triton is coaled by hand, which calls for a rest on the quayside from time to time*

"A pretty town and lacks nothing." So Elizabeth I described Harwich. It was there that Sir Martin Frobisher embarked on his Arctic adventure in 1578. There Edward III set out on his first expedition against France. There, during the Dutch wars, windows broke from the gunfire of de Ruyter's men-o'-war. Later, in two world wars its naval tradition was sustained and enriched. But what's happening to Harwich today? To most people the place is just the end of the journey from the Hook of Holland—a series of rather tortuous railway tracks, with cranes and warehouses, somewhere on the edge of a bleak stretch of marsh. There seems to be

## WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HARWICH?

Photographed by CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

little reason to go on past the turning to the docks, down the hill to the old town—unless one has cause to visit Trinity House or the quay where the rail ferry docks. No one wants to visit a town that gives every sign of being dead on its feet, where every other house seems to have a hole in the roof, and yawning gaps where windows once looked out; where even the lamp posts are bent and battered, where the churchyard looks more like a refuse heap.

Speak to any native of Harwich and his

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

## WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HARWICH *concluded*

pride and love of the place, still, is immediately apparent. "Anyone born in Harwich will always come back," they say, and they mean it. Their hearts are heavy at the state of their town. There is little or nothing for the youngsters to do. There is no amusement, except what they can find at the café on the quay, where there are some pin-tables and a jukebox, where the girls may dare to clear away the tables and jive. But they collect there and discuss what may perhaps be done, for they love Harwich, too, the town for which Samuel Pepys was once the M.P.

"Nothing needs doing," a voice has said, "because there is little or no unemployment with Trinity House and Parkeston Quay, and the health of the town is wonderful." So it is. Once it was a spa.

But look a little closer at the houses that are falling down. Once, obviously, these were the homes of people who were rich. Harwich could be, if only there were a chance to save it, a show place. The houses could be the treasure of artists and writers and all who love a thing of beauty. Behind the dilapidations are the trappings of past finery. If you go inside it is a 100-to-one you will find finely-proportioned rooms with moulded ceilings. "If only someone had a little imagination," a shopkeeper said. If only.

Not that local authorities are entirely inactive. In one section of the town—bounded by Market Street, St. Austin's Lane, Kings Head Street and Kings Quay Street—demolition is under way for complete rebuilding. The plans have been approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission and are meant to tone the new buildings in with the old; they will cost Harwich about £100,000. Other properties—25 up to the time of writing—are being bought by the town for restoration and renovation, says Mr. Moonlight, Harwich town clerk. And, of course, there was pretty heavy wartime bomb damage.

Across the water, in Rotterdam, they are building a new port for Europe. Not so for Harwich, with the best harbour on the east coast—sheltered and north of the fog belt. Is the only comment to be one chalked up on an old shutter, and half rubbed out—but only half—"in memory of Harwich?" Is it impossible to save the grandeur of its past, and to find the treasure that waits there for the looking?



*In the old town's picturesque alleys, a walker would once have had to press through a crowd. Now (left) the boarded-up shop fronts see few passers-by*

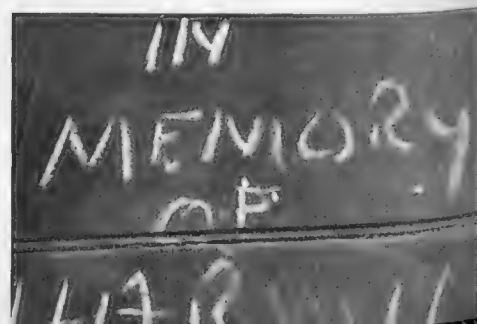


*Pin tables attract youngsters with little else to amuse them to the café on the quay. Sometimes the girls clear a space there to dance to the jukebox*



*The Palace Theatre (left), flaking and fading, reflects the state of the town's entertainment. The private lease has another 30 years to run*

*A wag's chalked sign on a wall (below) has an undercurrent of truth, many townsfolk admit. Especially the younger ones, impatient for life*



PARENTS, teachers and others interested in careers, boys, life-adjustment and so on, should be pondering a recent news item from Cairo—a brief report of the steps taken to success by one Abdul Goma. For those who may have missed newspaper accounts, the facts can be simply stated. Just like any young Englishman of today, Abdul saw that the most important thing in life is to build up export trade. Determined to start his business on firm foundations, he based his policy on the assumption that the British and Americans are crazy. Or at least that enough of them are crazy to make a lot of money for a sane Egyptian.

Looking over the varied manifestations of mania recorded in the press, he observed that in Britain and the United States there are people who will pay more for a really old car than for a really new one. He read about prices asked and paid for "vintage models," "old crocks," "veterans," and was at first merely surprised. The exact details of how he progressed from here are not included in the newspaper reports, but I feel I can confidently elaborate the missing background. One day as Abdul drove in a taxicab to an important lunch date—it was about six months ago—the radiator boiled over, the car axle cracked, and, as one of the two cylinders fell off in the roadway, Abdul saw clearly stamped on it the date "1920."

"This," he cried, with the quick apprehension of the born entrepreneur, "is for me." And he hurried to the chief of the firm he worked for to persuade him to lend him a sum of money to buy up a lot of Cairene taxicabs and sell them to Britain at enormous profit. It is dismaying but not difficult to imagine what happened next (it is what is happening every day to young men who are trying to get stuffy old men to lend them a sum of money for the furtherance of a good idea). The boss said: "Quite, quite, Goma. If you'll just wait in the outer office while I consult my advisers, they'll give you a nice hot cup of mint tea."

The moment Abdul was out of the room, the boss telephoned a Man in White he knew and said: "One of my staff's just gone round the bend. I'd be glad if you and a couple of the boys would come over and certify him." The doctors cross-examined Abdul about his scheme, and had him inside the asylum within a matter of hours.

Some of us would have said: "This is the end. I give up. How stupid can people get?" Not so Abdul. He saw that the thing to do when wrongfully committed to a lunatic asylum is to escape from it. After six month's effort he succeeded in doing so.

Precariously at liberty, he went to a shrewd real-estate operator and asked him if he would like to buy, fairly cheaply, the Immobilia Building—an imposing office

## Birth of a Salesman

*An adventure in  
unwritten contemporary  
history by*

CLAUD COCKBURN

block in Cairo. The real estate man said he would. Abdul said there would have to be a deposit to bind the deal, and the real estate man, his shrewd eyes glistening with cupidity, gave him a cheque for £1,000. Abdul went straight across the street to the office of another shrewd operator and asked if he would like to buy the Immobilia Building at a knock-down price. The man jumped at the opportunity, and with another £1,000 deposit in his pocket, the tireless Abdul—surely an example to every young man starting out in business—visited eight other financial wizards, sold each of them the Immobilia Building, and ended the day with cheques for a total of £10,000.

Then he visited the office of the Public Prosecutor. He said: "I am thinking of suing those doctors. A man who can sell a building he doesn't own ten times over can't be crazy, can he?" The doctors came on the run and, on the assurance that Abdul would not sue, signed a certificate saying he was not insane after all. The Public Prosecutor showed signs of demurring: "Just a minute. About that business of selling that building. I mean to say, money under false pretences. . . ." Abdul cut him short. "I was legally insane then," he snapped. "You can't get me for that."

He went on: "Still, if those suckers want their cheques back they're welcome to them. In a couple of days I'll be in the money anyway. Every big commercial firm in the country, every firm that is with a go-ahead, aggressive sales policy is going to be bidding for my services from now on." Which statement proved to be the truth. Abdul Goma is on his way up and up. "Any day now," said a member in good standing of the Arabic Goldbrick Salesmen's Guild, "we expect to hear that brother Abdul has sold the British Embassy to the Foreign Office."

Speaking at Manchester, the secretary of the Whither Britain League said: "First the Lunik, then the Blue Streak imbroglio, and now the case of Abdul Goma. Until our vaunted and costly system of public educa-

tion bestirs itself to turn out men—aye and women too—of the calibre of Abdul Goma, this country of ours will continue to lag behind in the race for world markets."

The chairman of the leading London firm engaged in the export of British-grown tobacco to Virginia stated that "in principle we try to employ only British personnel in this important sector of the battle to keep the dollars moving our way. In this case, however, we have felt it our duty to enter into negotiations with Mr. Goma with a view to employing him in an advisory capacity. We feel that, taking into consideration the flavour of our home-grown weed, which can best be described as 'unusual,' and the fact that it will cost the American smoker about six times what he pays for his native product, the vision and enterprise of Mr. Goma might prove of the highest value to us in our sales campaign."

A newspaper poll of British schools disclosed that 80 per cent of those questioned thought Goma was the Prime Minister of a Latin American Republic. The other 20 per cent were sharply critical of Goma for his action in returning £10,000 worth of cheques.

When I interviewed him yesterday, a leading British Educator, who wishes to remain anonymous, condemned what he termed, "ill-informed criticism, defeatism and hysteria," in regard to the Goma achievement. "This," he said, "is British national modesty carried to absurd extremes. In many respects Britain is far ahead of Egypt in this field. As one who has always been at pains to maintain close contact with enterprise in the City, I can state that there has probably been no time in our history, with the possible exception of the period of the South Sea Bubble, when the nation could boast of more business men not only willing but able to sell what did not belong to them in the first place to anyone willing to make a good offer for it.

"Nor do I see that the man Goma has much to boast about in that he was for a certain period an officially certified lunatic." The Educator paused and allowed for a moment a whimsical smile to play over his educated features. Then, tapping the desk with an emphatic forefinger, he said: "Let me tell you, I could name scores of public men who, if they chose, could get themselves certified by any reasonably qualified medical man.

"Just because they don't brag of it, or wish to take time to go through all that rigmarole and red-tape, is that a reason to compare them unfavourably with this Egyptian? That," concluded the Educator, plucking a piece of straw from his hair, "is the thought I should like all those who have the future of Britain at heart to ponder."



GROOMING

## LORD

## DE CLIFFORD'S KENNELS



FEEDING

EXERCISING



CLEANING



area and was awarded the O.B.E. for military services there. He was a colonel in the Royal Electrical & Mechanical Engineers. He brings a military thoroughness to his new enterprise. Recently he did the 280-mile drive to London docks and back to pick up a poodle home from Singapore. He thinks nothing of driving to London Airport to take a dog into quarantine and when he was photographed he was planning a collection trip to Dover. With a "ration strength" of 100 or more dogs, Lord de Clifford keeps busy.



Right: Lady Maneroft and her daughter Miss Venetia Quarry. Below: Mr. Howell Jackson, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and Mr. John Hay Whitney, the U.S. Ambassador, with his sister, Mrs. Charles S. Payson



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Below: Sir Brian & Lady Mountain. Below left: the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan and the Earl of Feversham



## DERBY DAY

*The most eventful within memory, it ended in victory for St. Paddy (with trainer Mr. Noel Murless right)*



Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal and the Duke of Devonshire. Below: Lady Pascoe and Captain Stuart Harrison-Wallace



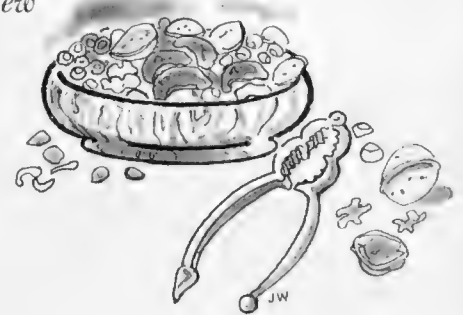
# THE HEURIGEN: HABITS & HAZARDS

*Vienna (called Vindebona*

*by the Romans) offers unique pleasures in convivial wine-tasting. To enjoy it at its best you need to know a few wrinkles such as those acquired through fondly remembered experience by*

*Outside Beethoven's house in Grinzing—now a Heurigen—hangs the wine-grower's traditional sign, an invitation to taste the new wines (below, right) at the flower-decked bar*

OSWALD STEIN



THE IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS of Vienna represent one of the larger wine-producing regions of Europe as far as quantity is concerned, and nearly all of this output is drunk in Austria itself. Admittedly not a single wine that can truly be called great is produced in the whole country. Yet, there is many a pleasant little vintage to be found by those who are prepared to get into the countryside and search out the individual growers, guided by the green bunch of pine-twigs over the farmhouse door to indicate that the *Hauer* has brought his new wine to the *Schenk* (bar-table) in his house or cellar. Nor is it necessary to have a car to get round among the wine gardens. Many of them can easily be reached from Vienna by tram, bus or (occasionally) train in the course of an afternoon. I have visited with my wife more than 80 growers in recent years, never using a car, though depending a fair amount on feet.

How to choose a *Heurigen* or wine-garden to visit? Remember that Austrian wine is described sometimes by its place of origin (*e.g.* Badener and Grinzing), sometimes by the grape from which it is made (*e.g.* Sylvaner, Grüner Veltliner, and Traminer), and sometimes by a combination of both. Hardly ever does it bear the name of an individual vineyard—though there are a few used as trade-names such as “Katzensprung” and “Floh-haxen” in the Wachau, and by certain vineyards owned by religious *Stifts* or foundations. So it is almost impossible to judge the value of a wine by its description on the bottle or in the wine-list. The most one can do is to tell the type of wine from the district of origin. Even so, the wines are often cut with inferior growths and overdosed with sugar or sulphur, since the enforcement of wine-classification laws is rather lax in Austria. You have to depend on the reputation of the grower or seller to ensure getting a good vintage.

It follows from this that you should choose a house or cellar where the actual grower is offering his own wine direct from the wood. Avoid the big, flashy *nobel Heurigen* run by a restaurateur or member of the entertainment industry. Avoid especially a place that appears to lay more emphasis on the names of the musicians performing there than on the quality of the wine provided. A sound clue is provided by the convivial noise coming from the premises. If there is loud, raucous singing and high-pitched, hysterical laughter, the odds are that the wine is overdosed with sugar or sulphur. If you drink much of it you will know sorrow both in your head and in your tummy in the morning. A place of gloomy silence is also naturally to be avoided. The ideal note to listen for is a good round hum of lively

talk, hearty laughter and singing. That is the place to make for and you will soon learn to distinguish the signs.

Austrian wine is nearly always drunk very young and most of it begins to go off early in life. It is usually fit to drink by the month of January following the harvest from which it was made. Always it is advisable to take some sort of food with the new wine to counteract the acidity, even if only a little dry bread. *Heurigen* are not restaurants and are therefore not licensed to serve hot dishes, but nearly every farmer's wife has some *geselcht*, or home-smoked pork, to offer with fresh black bread. At all the larger *Heurigen* one can also get hard-boiled eggs, cold ham or sausage, gherkins, biscuits, cheese and nuts.

Most people, though, bring their own provender, which they spread on paper or napkins on the table and eat with the aid of a penknife. At high-class (the so-called *nobel Heurigen*) one can even obtain plates, knives and forks, but the use of these is generally considered to be a display of affectation. If you do decide to take

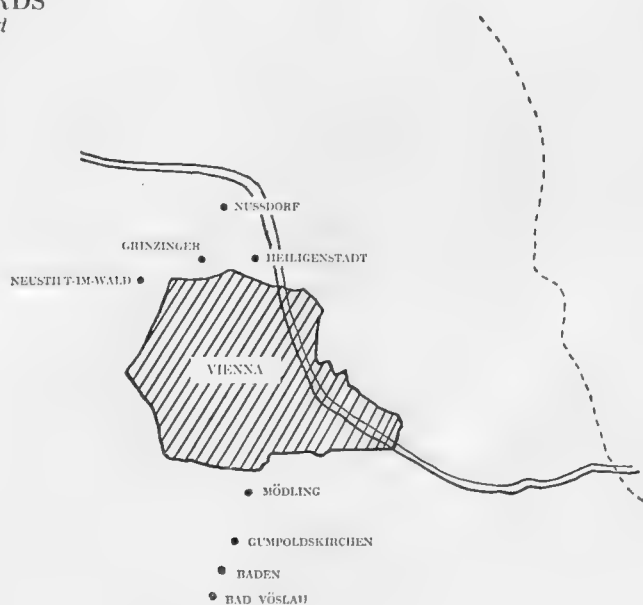
CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Ronald Cohen





THE  
HEURIGEN:  
HABITS AND  
HAZARDS  
*concluded*



your own food, cold goose and sausage is highly considered, but personally favour a cold *Wiener schnitzel*.

Now comes the important task of deciding where to go to find the best wine. Following the Danube down-stream, the principal wine-growing districts can be grouped as follows:

Firstly, the Wachau and neighbouring areas on the left bank of the river in Lower Austria, extending from a few miles below Linz to Krems. These produce a pleasant, fairly light white wine which is refreshing to drink after a strenuous day in the open-air in hot weather.

The next group extends from Bad Vöslau, south of Vienna, through Soos, Baden, Pfaffstätten and Gumpoldskirchen to about Thalerhof (Here, incidentally, there is a famous and really excellent "*Bachhaus*" Station" at which delicious fried or roast chickens can be eaten washed down with a wine grown within sight of your table.) The wines of this district are much stronger than most other Austrian wine-growths and include the best of the country's white wines. At Bad Vöslau and, especially at Soos, a very drinkable red wine is also produced. Gumpoldskirchner is, perhaps, the Austrian wine best known abroad, and can be excellent, with a marked but delicate flavour and a good bouquet. It is one of the few Austrian wines to stand up to export.

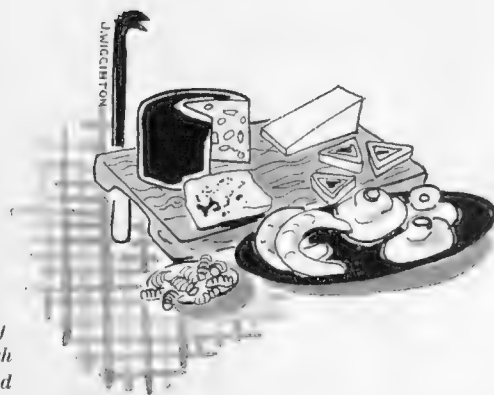


Ronald Cohen

Continuing from Baden in the direction of Vienna, one comes to a subsidiary wine-growing area that stretches from the outskirts of Mödling through Maria Enzersdorf to Perchtoldsdorf. Research in this area can produce some rewarding little white wines, lighter than the Badener group, but pleasantly fruity.

On leaving this district you are already in the administrative zone of Vienna and there are vineyards lying inside the boundaries of the city itself. The area starts at Salmonsdorf and Neustift-im-Wald and extends through Sievring, Grinzing, Heiligenstadt and Nussdorf to the River Danube. This is the part best known to the tourist but the wine produced is all too often thin and acid, even when not (as it frequently is) overdosed with sugar or sulphur. The best wine round here is probably that produced on the slopes of the Nussberg, which rises above Beethoven's favourite walk near Nussdorf. When genuine, this is a delightful, naturally sweet wine of good body. But it must be pointed out that the amount of wine sold in Vienna as Nussberg must be many times as much as could be grown on these slopes in even the best of seasons!

Crossing back to the left bank of the river, you find what might be described as the final outpost of the Wienerwald, cut off by the Danube from the rest of these hills: namely, the Bisemberg. The lower slopes of this hill and the surrounding country are covered by vineyards



*Drinkers in a Grinzing heurigen make up mildly insulting songs about each other. Nobody minds and everybody joins in*

producing a rather thin, but nevertheless pleasant wine that is most refreshing to drink in the innumerable cellars or gardens of the growers. Alas, these *Volks-Heurigen*, as they are called, are usually only open on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. This winefield extends away from Vienna and the Danube through what is known as the Brünnerstrasse Gegend almost up to the frontier of Czechoslovakia.

Finally on the Hungarian border round the Neusiedler See and in the Burgenland there is a wine-district producing, particularly in Rust and Oggau, excellent, sweetish white wines and some very pleasing red ones. Incidentally, Rust is worth a visit, if only to see the storks. They nest on almost every chimneystack in the town during the season.

Here it might be as well to put in a warning. On any given day in any particular district only a certain number of the *Heurigen* will be *ausgesteckt* or open to the public. This is because each grower is only allowed by his local co-operative or guild to open in proportion to his output, and the number of days per *Heurigen* are laid down in a schedule to avoid too much overlapping and to prevent one man grabbing too much of the trade.

Though the Austrian wines cannot hope to hold a candle to the outstanding vintages of France or Germany (or even to compare with many of the growths of Hungary, Italy or Spain) there is the opportunity of drinking them in some of the loveliest surroundings. There is wonderful walking in the wooded hills behind Gumpoldskirchen, amid vineyards climbing up from Perchtoldsdorf—or, still nearer to Vienna, in the woods above Mauer. And on a Sunday take a tram across the Danube to Strebersdorf and walk right over the Bisemberg, on which can be found at the proper season an enormous variety of wild flowers, including a few of Eastern European type which are not to be seen a few hundred yards away across the river in the Wienerwald.

Or go round behind the Bisemberg by Bisemberg village to Hagenbrunn, and return in the evening across the long fields of wheat and rye. Topping the rise you will see at your feet the plain where Napoleon suffered his first defeat at Aspern-Essling, and retrieved it with interest three weeks later at Wagram, a little farther on. Immediately afterwards come the lights of Vienna stretching out below you. And so down between the twin lines of the wine cellars and vineyards of Stammersdorf, doing a roaring weekend trade.

Then, with your lungs full of country air, your head full of the fumes of alcohol, and your ears full of the old tunes of Vienna, you will (if you are lucky) catch the last tram back to the city, surrounded by a ribald and noisy throng. It is the only way for those who want to be able to say when they get home: "Now I know the real Wieners!"



Operagoers caught the 3.45 from Victoria to Lewes, buses for Glyndebourne met them there



## Opening night at Glyndebourne

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERICH AUERBACH



Two opera founders: Mr. John Christie (*right*) started Glyndebourne in 1934; Mr. Miki Sekers' Rosehill Arts Trust in Cumberland had its first season last September

Mr. John Christie, the maestro of Glyndebourne, would have appreciated the scene at Victoria Station on the afternoon before the opening of this year's Festival Opera, writes MURIEL BOWEN. The spectacle before the 3.45 p.m. train to Lewes pulled out could only have happened in England. An elderly woman in purple moire, black seal coat, and tiara sat on a bench betwixt a family bound for the seaside. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter came striding along the platform; a wool coat over her evening dress, a magnificent gold brocade evening coat on her arm. Mrs. Jonathan Montagu-Norman (wearing a ruby and diamond tiara as a necklace) sat on a baggage trolley after spreading an evening newspaper on it to protect her white evening dress.

"Don't we all look stupid?" she said, surveying the ladies in evening dress, the City men in their stiff shirts. "But I've been going to Glyndebourne for 20 years and I wouldn't dream of going in anything but a *long* dress." That's one of the fantastic things about Glyndebourne. Short of a royal gala at Covent Garden, this private Festival Opera in Sussex has become our most dressed-up evening artistic occasion.

I asked Mr. Miki Sekers who runs the Rosehill Arts Theatre (the "Glyndebourne of the North") if he was able to maintain the same high sartorial standards. "Oh, they're all for getting dressed up in Cumberland, though not on Sundays of course," he said. "But I can't match Mr. Christie's gardens. You see he has stage hands *and* gardeners. My





gardeners, you understand, are also my stage hands."

As opening night this year was wonderfully warm there was no having to cope with salmon mousse, and strawberries and cream in the back of a Rolls-Royce—or worse, a Morris Minor. Picnic suppers were spread on rugs in the terrace gardens or on the mown grass by the lily pond. One of the picknickers was Lady Fleming, widow of the discoverer of penicillin.

The theatre has a capacity of only 700 so those present were the lucky ones. The entire season's tickets (costing £1 11s. 6d. to £4 each) were sold before the opening. Those coming back for re-sale are more precious than ever this year. No wonder Lord Wilmot of Selmeiston was looking so pleased. He is chairman of the Festival Society.

The sun was still warm as guests (*left*) walked in the garden before curtain-up on Bellini's rarely-performed *I Puritani*. Below: Miss Joan Sutherland in a scene



Col. & Mrs. Charles Adams were given special permission to bring their dachshund on to the lawns. Others (*left*) strolled in the gardens. Picnicking (*far left*) Sir Noel & Lady Hutton and Mr. & Mrs. Hilary Scott and their parties

## LORD KILBRACKEN:

## The cloak-and-dagger treasure hunt

THIS is the season for treasure hunts. I don't mean for the children, though those are fun, too, with dolls and lollipops hidden behind the sundial and chocolate boxes in the shrubbery, but real hunts for real treasure in the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean, now warm enough for skin-diving.

On and off over the last nine years, I myself have been on the periphery of one such quest, which could be the biggest of them all and which may come to ultimate fruition this summer. The prize is a little matter of £30,000,000, the estimated value of the loot of the Afrika Korps, which was dumped in the sea off Corsica—or so people say—in 1943.

There have already been half-a-dozen expeditions to search for it, but it seems to have a “jinx” and only one team has even succeeded in putting down a diver to explore the sandy sea-bed off the rocky coast of the island. All the others came to more-or-less sticky ends: collisions which may or may not have been accidental, engine failures, squabbles between rivals.

The only time a diver has actually gone down after it was in the so-called “official” search, sponsored by the French Government, who put up a million francs in 1949 to pay the expenses. And it now seems almost certain that they were intentionally led astray, and were searching in completely the wrong place.

The central figure in the intricate story of the vanished millions is a young German sailor named Peter Fleig. He first came on the international scene when he turned up at the French Consulate in Stuttgart in 1949, and applied for the then-necessary visa to travel to Corsica. The consul's suspicions were somehow aroused, and he inquired about his motives. In the course of interrogation, it came out that Fleig was the sole survivor of the party which had dumped the treasure. He was on his way—he hoped—to search for it himself.

The unfortunate Fleig was arrested, taken to Corsica under armed guard, and ordered to dive under surveillance. He did so; but the French Government only paid him a nominal wage, and refused to promise him a share of any treasure he might locate. Understandably, therefore, he led them to the wrong place.

When, in October, the weather became unsuitable for treasure hunts, it was called off till the following summer. Fleig was kept under open arrest in Corsica; he had no money, no passport, no papers. However, one fine morning, he walked out of his lodging-house and disappeared completely. Until a month or two ago, nothing was heard of him.

The French authorities stopped looking for the treasure and started looking for Fleig. They are *still* looking for him. And, as it happens, I can tell them where to find him: he is in Munich, where he has been living under an assumed name for several years, and where he is at present masterminding a brand-new search for the treasure, which he hopes will take place this coming summer.

I was the first person, outside official circles, to discover the full story. In 1951 I was spending a month in Corsica and heard nebulous rumours about the 1949 search, which had been conducted in great secrecy. Gradually, in the course of several visits, I pieced together the story. At one time, in fact, I was hoping to find a wealthy backer and to dive for the treasure myself; but, in Fleig's absence, the odds were just too long, even for an inveterate gambler like me.

With the return of Fleig to the scene, the chance of finding a fortune becomes suddenly real again. He is the only person alive who knows exactly where to look. His story is in the best tradition of the James Bond thriller. The loot of the Afrika Korps—gold, silver, precious stones and works of art, taken from museums and art galleries, and

from the private homes of wealthy Tunisians—was being taken back to Germany in six great crates, each weighing over a ton. It was to go by sea to La Spezia, in a heavily-armed motor-vessel with a crew of four officers and two young sailors, one of whom was Fleig. However on the way the crew yielded to the temptation inherent in having a cargo worth millions. They dumped it in shallow water—I can say, anyway, that it is within ten miles of the mouth of the Golo River—hoping to return after the war to locate it and divide it between themselves.

Their plans miscarried and their plot was discovered. They were arrested and court-martialled; the officers were executed for dereliction of duty, but the two sailors were held merely to have obeyed orders and were acquitted. Both were transferred to the army and sent to the Eastern front, where one of them was killed in action and the other—Fleig—was seriously wounded. So when the war ended he was the only survivor left.

Now he has again appeared on the scene, though his address and assumed name are a secret known only to the group which is believed to be backing him to direct a new search. This is rather necessary, because he is wanted by the police of at least three countries. (He escaped from Corsica, I learn, in a fishing-boat to Italy, and made his way thence to Germany through Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia.) He will presumably be unable to leave Germany himself, and will have to direct operations by remote control from Munich.

Thirty million pounds is a very useful sum, and Corsica is delightful for a prolonged summer holiday. Therefore, as an acknowledged expert, I hereby offer my services for the treasure-hunting season. I would require, let me make clear, only a modest honorarium. All I'd ask is, say, 3 per cent of the estimated value of the treasure. It wouldn't be costing anybody anything, so who could jib at a mere million between friends?

# ON BEAT OFF-SHORE



*It's hard to acquire a seamanlike manner on a weekend afloat—but it's easy to impress the skipper with a well-chosen rig. These clothes give a girl a few knots' start as soon as she steps aboard*

PHOTOGRAPHS : DESMOND RUSSELL

On-beat outfit for the ship-to-shore girl is Jaeger's après-sailing navy wool reefer jacket with brass buttons and a scarlet lining. It costs 10 gns. at all Jaeger branches. The yellow oilskin sailing haversack (15s. 6d.) is from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3. Off-shore backgrounds were shot in the Hamble River and the Solent where the small craft of weekend sailing enthusiasts are dwarfed by liners



## ON BEAT OFF-SHORE

*continued*

Sailing clothes must be practical but there's no good reason why they can't be pretty too. Proving the point are the French white cotton pants (*left*) that imitate those of a Breton sailor. There are two back pockets and the pants tie at the waist with rope. Teamed with them is a navy and white striped cotton sweater. Both from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3. Prices: Pants, 29s. 6d., sweater 19s. 6d. The breeze that fills the sails can also chill the bone so there's sailing sense in the heavy hand-knit sweater in traditional Irish fisher-folk design, price: £4 10s. from Sarah Ward, 37a, Kensington High Street. It can be ordered in any colour or in natural oiled wool and the same design is knitted for men and children. The sweater is worn (*left*) with waterproof culottes of bright blue Gannex cloth, price: 5 gns. from Gordon Lowe. Stormproof outfit (*opposite*) comprises trousers and smock of Flintwear cloth—the most closely woven cotton obtainable. The suit has a nylon lining throughout and there is also a polythene interlining in the seat of the trousers and the front of the smock. Named after yachtsman and yacht designer Uffa Fox, the suit is gathered with elastic around the hood and at waist, cuff and ankles. By Howard Flint at Lillywhites, W. 1; Watson Prickard, Liverpool, price: about £19 10s. Liner in the background is the United States





Blue sea, blue sky, and for flashing contrast, the loose-fitting shirt (*opposite*) with wrist-length sleeves and a deep V-neckline into which is tucked a large cotton square with broad red stripes on white. The shirt is worn over brief red Daks surf shorts of linen and Terylene. All from Simpson, Piccadilly, W.1. Prices: shorts, £4, shirt, £2 2s. 6d., scarf 25s. From sail to power for the girl on the foredeck (*below*) in Pindis sports of Holborn's oiled wool Norwegian hand-knit sweater, knit-

ted in a scarlet geometric design on white and worn with sky blue waterproof oilskin shorts. The sweater costs £4 12s. 6d., the shorts £1 12s. 6d. Man at the wheel of the Fairey Huntress is Solent yachtsman Charles Currey. The seagoing cruiser has an overall length of 23 feet and a maximum speed of more than 30 m.p.h. The Huntress sleeps two in comfort and six is the normal complement for a day's cruising. The hull is a laminated design. The price: £3,725

## ON BEAT OFF-SHORE *continued*

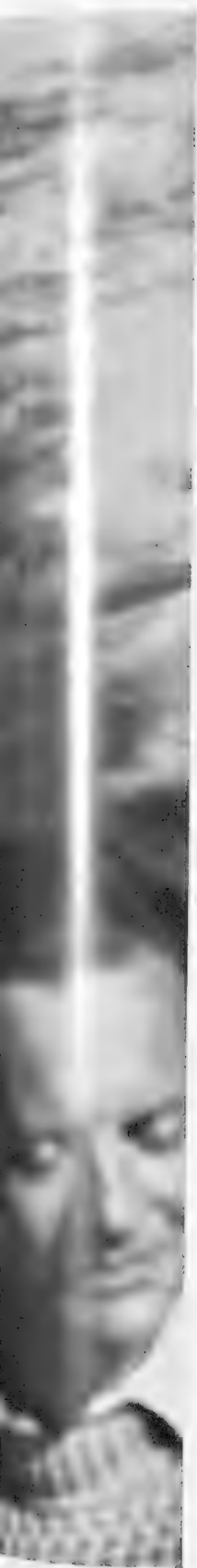


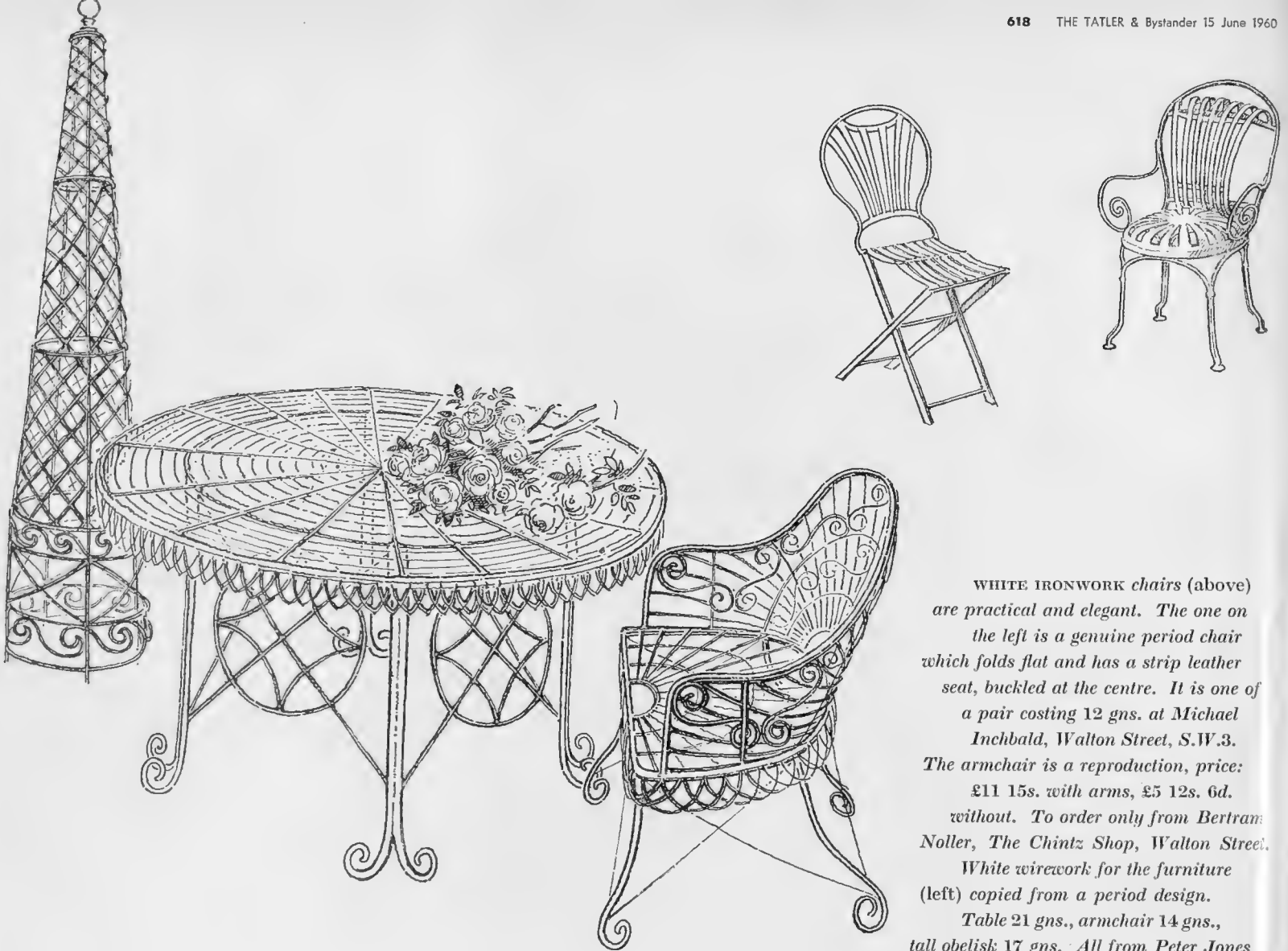
Repeating the popular yachting theme of navy and white is a ribbed wool sweater worn with navy ankle-length cotton slacks. A silk scarf, also in navy and white, is tucked into the neck of the sweater. All are from Lillywhites, the sweater, £3 19s. 6d., slacks, £2 5s. 6d., scarf, £1 17s. 6d. Weather-wise aboard the *Fairey Atalanta* (*opposite*) is the hooded smock with matching culottes in brilliant blue Gannex cloth. It is hard-wearing

to the point of indestructibility, lightweight and wind and water-proof. A drawstring tightens the hood around the face and the hem of the smock but it is loose-fitting, allowing ample room to wear a sweater underneath. The smock can be worn either with the culottes or with shorts or slacks of the same Gannex cloth. At Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3, the smock, £11 5s., culottes 5 gns. The *Fairey Atalanta* costs about £2,500



ON BEAT  
OFF-SHORE  
*concluded*

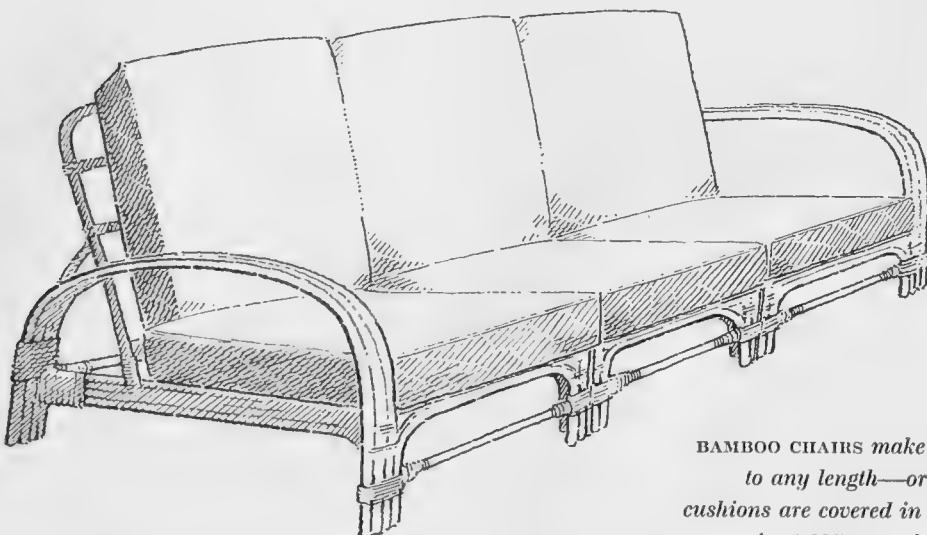




WHITE IRONWORK chairs (above) are practical and elegant. The one on the left is a genuine period chair which folds flat and has a strip leather seat, buckled at the centre. It is one of a pair costing 12 gns. at Michael Inchbald, Walton Street, S.W.3. The armchair is a reproduction, price: £11 15s. with arms, £5 12s. 6d. without. To order only from Bertram Noller, The Chintz Shop, Walton Street. White wirework for the furniture (left) copied from a period design. Table 21 gns., armchair 14 gns., tall obelisk 17 gns. All from Peter Jones

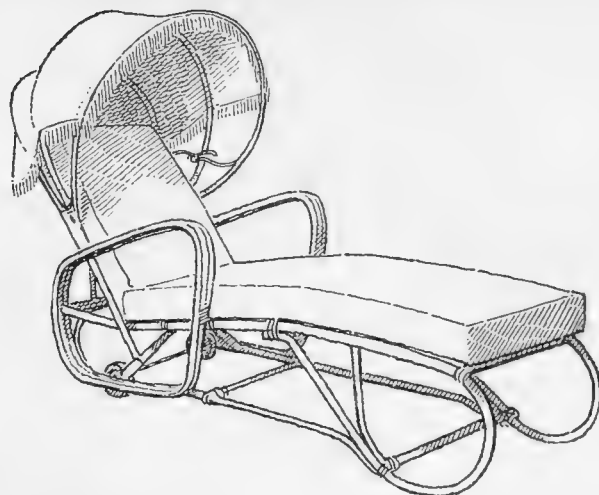
## Furnishing the garden

## COUNTER SPY



BAMBOO CHAIRS make an ingenious sofa that you can extend to any length—or use the chairs separately. The kapok-filled cushions are covered in a gay cretonne. Price for a chair without arms about £25, two chairs with one arm each, about £58. From Harrods

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
DIAGRAMS BY GORDON DAVIES

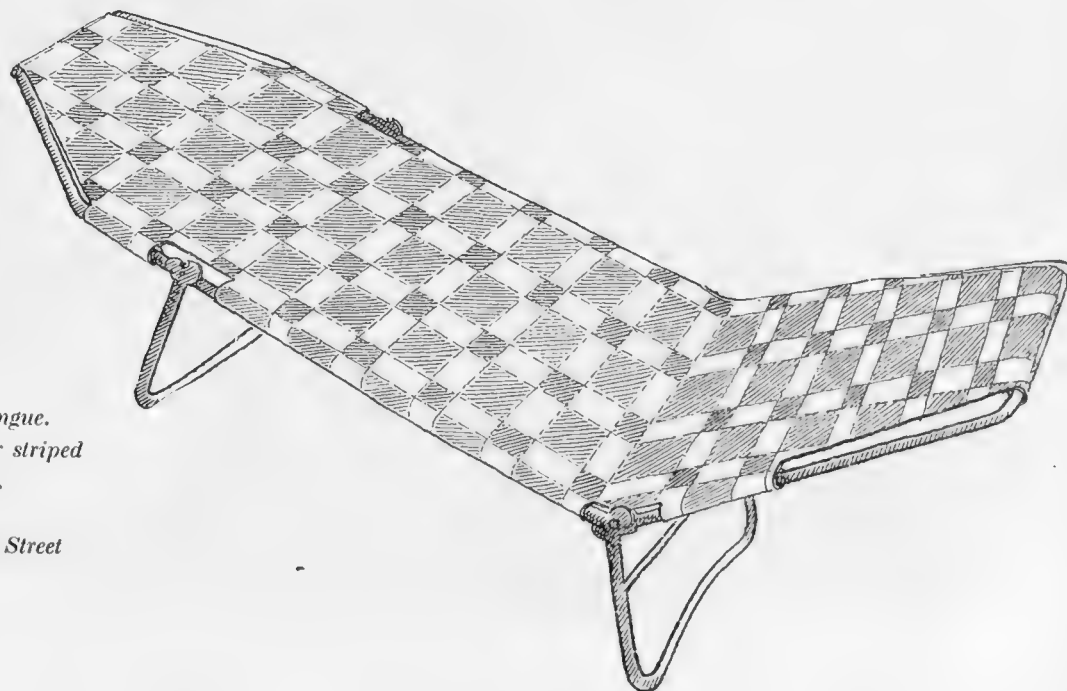


CANE CHAISE-*LONGUE* with collapsible hood, compartments for magazines and feather-bed-comfort (actually the cushions are kapok-filled) is ideal for relaxing in luxury. The cushions can be covered to order. Price £55, from Maples, Tottenham Court Road

SLATTED TEAK on a white metal frame makes the Danish garden set (above, left). It is exclusive to Heals. The sofa costs £17, armchair £6, folding chair £5 10s., circular table £7 10s. Also from Heals, the Italian garden umbrella which fans shut and can be put flat against the wall. The angled pole dismantles. In emerald, red, or Mediterranean blue canvas with white fringes, price: £21 19s.



TUBULAR STEEL, painted white, and springy plastic "strings" make this chair light to carry and hard-wearing. The strings come in red, blue, yellow or black and the chairs can be stacked. Price: £4 9s. 6d. from Pindisports, Holborn



TUBULAR STEEL is also used for this chaise-longue. It is covered in gingham-checked or striped canvas, and is adjustable from either end. Price: £8 16s. 6d. from Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street

# The beautiful fake

THE BEAUTIFUL FAKE garnishes her looks with all the craft the 20th century has to offer. She lets her hair fall in short layers by day, adds a glossy switch to rise steeply by night. Switches are easy to fix; they are light and can't be faulted for colour or quality. The one in the

Terence Donovan

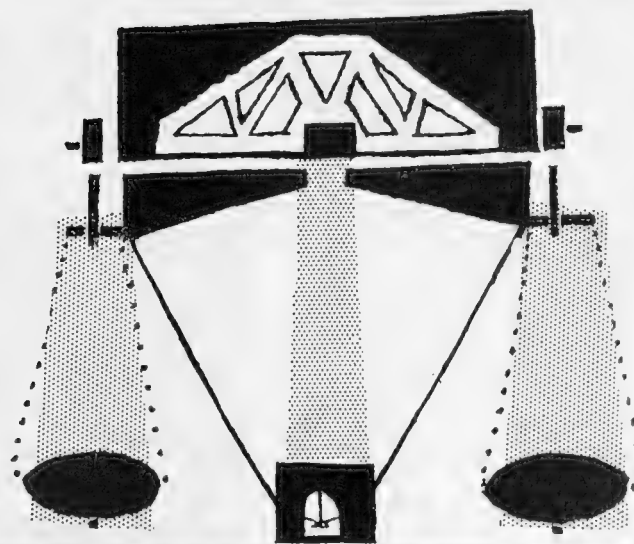


picture is high, domed and fixed with long pins crossed into each other. It costs from 10 gns. (for real hair) at Vidal Sassoon, who piled this hair high. The beautiful fake adds to her own complement of lashes with false sweeps, which shade eyes made sparkly with peacock-hued *Liquid Line* by Gala (which looks like thin nail varnish). The colour-compass stretches from brown smoke to peacock and blue diamond. She might even decide to swap pale skin for brown, which she can do at the turn of a bottle cap. Ready to fake her pale skin tawny are Guerlain's *Teint Doré* or the colourless *Night Tan*, which burnishes overnight (25s. a bottle. Caution: use sparingly because it does a really efficient job and you may turn browner than you thought possible).

Her lips brighten or darken to brown with the wizardry of new lipsticks that owe nothing to nature, everything to the imagination of contemporary chemists. She scans a spectrum of reds from Yardley, who have devised a *Florentine* case in faintly frosted gilt and added eight new colours to their range to fill it. Especially good: *Baccarat* (hot orange), *Solitaire* (cool) and *Roulette* (a brightish pink). The brown lipsticks are turning up in every possible permutation. Gala's *Sable* is an outright brown of a tawny tone in lip and nail colour. Elizabeth Arden's *Cuivre Bronzé* turns lips and nails a pale, burnished copper. Max Factor's *Pink Brandy* and *Golden Honey* give lips colour to match their names: the first is pale bronze with a pink undertone, the second a gilded sunny brown. Harriet Hubbard Ayer departs from the brown formula and looks for inspiration to Gauguin's Tahitian islands for her lipstick *Tahitian Rose*. She might even decide she doesn't like the tilt of her nose... but that's another story.

ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON

# VERDICTS



*The play* **The Caretaker.** Duchess Theatre (Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe, Alan Bates).

*The films* **L'il Abner.** Director Melvin Frank. (Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Stubby Kaye, Howard St. John, Stella Stevens.)

**Kidnapped.** Director Robert Stevenson. (Peter Finch, James MacArthur, Bernard Lee, Finlay Currie, Peter O'Toole.)

**Never Let Go.** Director John Guillermin. (Richard Todd, Peter Sellers, Adam Faith, Carol White.)

**Les Grandes Familles.** Director Denys de la Patelliere. (Jean Gabin, Pierre Brasseur.)

**Sergeant Rutledge.** Director John Ford. (Jeffrey Hunter, Constance Towers, Woody Strode, Billie Burke.)

*The books* **Snake Man**, by Alan Wykes (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.)

**In Pursuit Of The English**, by Doris Lessing (MacGibbon & Kee, 21s.).

**The Answer To Life Is No** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 16s.).

**The Natural History Of Love**, by Morton M. Hunt (Hutchinson, 25s.).

**Mr. Hill & Friends**, by Hubert Nicholson (Heinemann, 18s.).

*The records* **"King" Oliver Creole Jazz Band** (Jazz Collector EP/JEL 6).

**Louis Armstrong** (Philips EP/BBE12361).

**Charlie Parker Quintet/Sextet** (Vogue EP/EPV1264).

**Charlie Parker Quartet** (HMV/45POP747).

*The galleries* **Sickert.** Tate Gallery

**Cyril Reason.** Beaux Arts Gallery.



## Mr. Pinter's peculiar people

"TO PINTER" IS THE LATEST theatrical cant term. It is, so far as I understand its meaning, to create characters which come vividly alive on the stage and then to withhold the sort of information about them that the audience expect to be given as a matter of course. The hoped-for effect is that the characters, though their sayings and doings

may be quite commonplace, take on an air of mystery.

The cant term has had to be invented to cover the activities of Mr. Harold Pinter, for he has found a way of pleasing, as well as slightly dazing, an audience which may well be a growing audience.

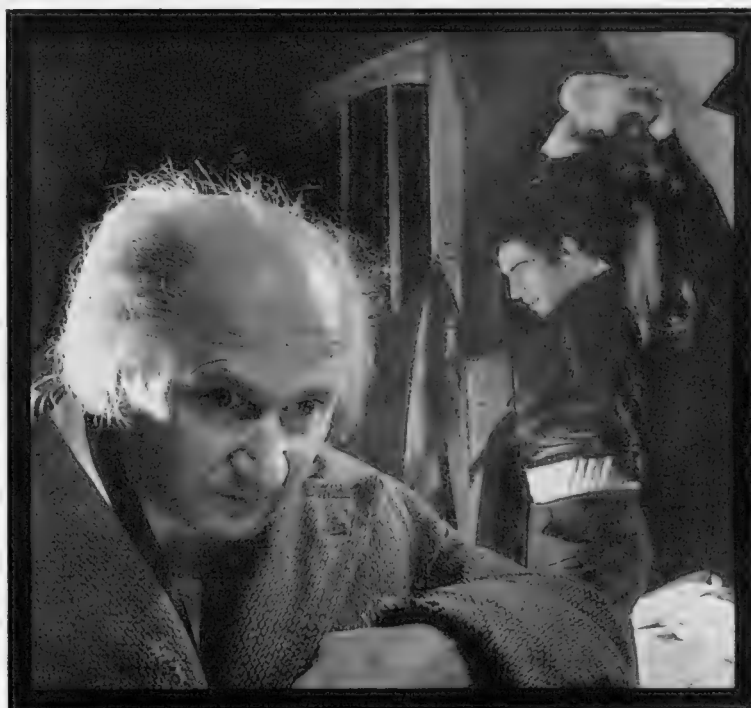
He is certainly a cunning craftsman. In *The Birthday Party* he most skilfully contrived an atmosphere of menace and no less skilfully contrived to conceal with remarkable completeness the nature of the menace. The comic-sinister character who took away the half-witted youth might have been going to put him to the torture, or they might have been going to measure him for a new pin-stripe suit. There was really no means of telling what they were up to.

But in *The Caretaker*, which has been brought from the Arts Theatre to the Duchess, Mr. Pinter makes things a little easier for us. Rather late in the play he lets us know—and lets us know in a most moving way—what is peculiar about one of his three characters. The air of mystery at once evaporates, but he still manages to get a good third act by making a pathetic figure of an old tramp who has been so conditioned by life that he cannot help biting the hand that is trying to feed him.

But for two acts the largely disconnected dialogue is edged not unpleasingly with mystery. The tramp has been brought into a

dilapidated room by a youth who busies himself trying to mend an electric plug. His intense con-

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



DONALD PLEASENCE gives a virtuoso performance as Davids, the mysterious tramp, in *The Caretaker*. He is seen dwelling on his inner fantasies, utterly unmoved by the outburst of temper staged by Mick (Alan Bates) one of the equally mysterious hosts who have intercepted him on his way to Sidcup

VERDICTS *continued*

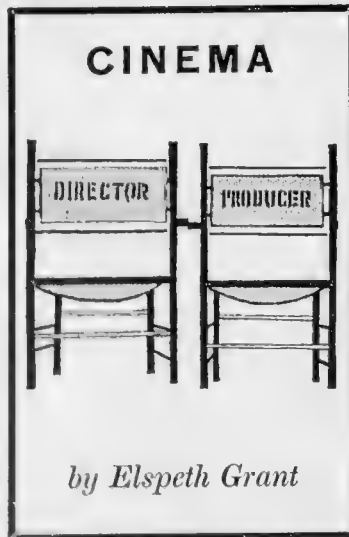
centration is broken now and again by laconic offers of hospitality. The down-and-out has only two stamped insurance cards and for some lunatic reason calls himself Davies though his real name is Jenkins. He is afraid that he will find himself "in the nick" unless he can get to Sideup where some local authority has his papers and where his affairs can be straightened out. But he has no boots fit for the journey.

The preoccupied youth casually offers a pair of shoes of his own. They are not quite broad enough for the tramp. He must have shoes that fit perfectly. The youth suggests that he might be able to come by a suitable pair. Meanwhile he offers the tramp a spare bed.

Mr. Pinter makes it comically clear that the guest is not in the least grateful for anything that the casually compassionate youth may do for him. He is trying to rob his host when he is disturbed by another young man, who turns out to be the slow-minded electrician's brother. This is a humorous fellow, and he nearly frightens the wits out of the tramp by his sportive threats. (He is meant also to frighten us—but only momentarily.) Both brothers, it turns out, are ready to do their best for the down-and-out.

But it is not in this pathetic creature's nature to take charitable intentions at their face value. He disturbs his host by chattering in his sleep. When a new pair of decent fitting shoes are given him he objects that he cannot wear brown laces in black shoes. He takes a growing dislike to his slow-minded host, who patiently and very movingly, if not altogether pleasantly, describes the horror of an operation carried out on him in hospital to save him from complete insanity. It is no good. The tramp uses the explanation to treat his benefactor with contempt. He tries to secure his position by setting brother against brother. But between the brothers there is an understanding that is never put into words, and on this implicit understanding the tramp finds himself cast adrift. Are we to understand that there are some people that can't be helped? Is that reflection on human society or on human nature itself?

Anyway, the little piece is brilliantly directed by Mr. Donald McWhinnie and brilliantly acted by Mr. Donald Pleasence, Mr. Peter Woodthorpe and Mr. Alan Bates. Mr. Pleasence's bouts of ineffectual rage and grovelling misery are both comic and pathetic; and Mr. Bates, playing the most straightforward character straightforwardly, manages at the end to compress the brothers' secret into a single nod and a half-smile.



## See Dogpatch and die—laughing

IN THE VERNACULAR OF DOGPATCH, U.S.A.—that cloud-cuckoo hillbilly community created in his famous strip cartoons by the brilliant Mr. Al Capp—*L'il Abner* is the most satirizin', mesmerizin', laughterizin' and plumb re-vitalizin' chunk of musical to have hit I'il ole London in 10 years. With all Mr. Capp's exuberance, Messrs. Norman Panama and Melvin Frank (who wrote the script, produced and directed) lash out at politicians, Big Business, the cult of the body beautiful and the craze for "wonder drugs"—and are hilariously irrelevant about "national shrines."

They have given their whacky story a whacky setting, in which scarlet shrubs and blue Christmas trees can be taken for granted, and Mr. Capp's hillbilly characters are throughout fantastically clad in strip-cartoon style: even when she goes to Washington, the heroine (pretty, shapely Miss Leslie Parrish) still wears her usual outfit of off-the-shoulder, bosom-revealing blouse and the briefest, tightest possible pair of tattered shorts. There are 13 splendidly witty and tuneful vocal numbers and a series of magnificent dance routines executed with phenomenal agility and exhilarating zest.

You will probably have gathered by now that I liked the film.

The government announces that as Dogpatch is "The most useless place in America" it has been selected as a testing area for atomic bombs. The local citizens, reluctant to leave the land on which their forebears "wuz raised and hung," seek a way of proving Dogpatch is "necessary."

Mammy Yokum (grotesque Miss Billie Hayes) comes up with an idea. Her strapping son, *L'il Abner* (Mr. Peter Palmer), who's about seven feet tall, owes his physique to her home-brewed Yokumberry Tonic: if every other American male took

it and thus acquired similarly impressive proportions, surely this would prove a reason why Dogpatch should be spared.

The matter is referred to Washington—rapacious, money-lusting General Bullmoose (Mr. Howard St. John) gets wind of it: the mad complications, the crossing and double-crossing, are far too involved to be gone into here. I can only assure you that they are wildly funny. Do go see this gorgeous film.

Mr. Peter Finch is rapidly establishing himself as one of our finest and most versatile actors. As the flamboyant, engaging, fearless and wily Jacobite rebel, Alan Breck Stewart, in *Kidnapped* (Mr. Walt Disney's rousing version of the enthralling Robert Louis Stevenson story) Mr. Finch swashes and buckles with superb gusto. There could be no greater contrast than between this performance and that he gave as Oscar Wilde (in *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, reviewed last week)—yet they have one thing in common: each brings to life a character in whom you cannot but believe—a man whom, one feels, the

actor has seen in the round and understood to the soul.

Mr. James MacArthur plays sturdily as young David Balfour, the rightful heir to the House of Shaws, whose wicked Uncle Ebenezer (Mr. John Laurie) intends to cheat him of his inheritance. Mr. Bernard Lee is excellent as the rascally ship's captain, bribed by Ebenezer to kidnap David and sell him in the Carolinas.

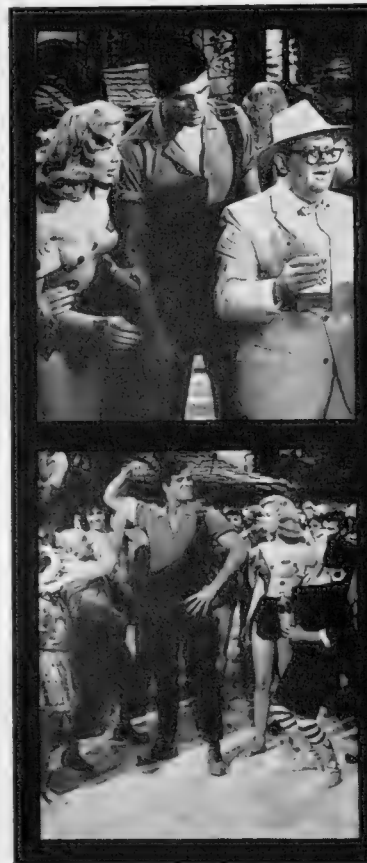
As you may recall, the ship is wrecked off the Scottish coast and Alan (picked up from the foundered fishing-smack that was to have carried him to France) escapes with David to the mainland. I will not attempt to list their adventures on their flight through the Highlands, with King George's redcoats in furious pursuit—but that they are enormously exciting I will give you my word. I must not omit to mention the outstanding performances of Mr. Finlay Currie and Mr. Peter O'Toole—with whom, in an enchanting scene, Alan fights a duel on the bagpipes.

There is little enchantment but a great deal of violence in *Never Let Go*—the subject of which is the stolen car racket. Mr. Peter Sellers, deserting comedy, plays (rather over-plays, I thought) a vicious garage-owner who bosses this unsavoury business. Mr. Richard Todd is a cosmetics salesman whose car, on which he depends for his livelihood, is stolen by Mr. Sellers and his mob. Though normally an ineffectual type, he is determined to get it back—and he does, after a couple of ferocious beatings-up, which I would have expected to cripple even a rhinoceros for life.

The performances I enjoyed most came (possibly via Mr. John Guillermin's able direction) from Mr. Adam Faith (the "pop" singer, playing straight) and Miss Carol White, as a couple of juvenile delinquents. One had to feel sorry for the poor little devils.

*Sergeant Rutledge* deals with the court martial of a Negro U.S. cavalryman (admirable Mr. Woody Strode) in 1881, on charges (unsubstantiated) of rape and murder. Mr. Jeffrey Hunter speaks forcibly in his defence. Otherwise the proceedings struck me as highly unethical—and the interpolated comedy as in the worst taste.

*Les Grandes Familles* (French, with English subtitles) tells a shattering story with impressive detachment—and has M. Jean Gabin as an immensely rich, power-proud tycoon, who sacrifices his only son (M. Jean Desailly) in order to ruin his detested cousin (M. Pierre Brasseur). Admirably acted and directed, it makes the point that too much money can be the root of evil. I don't imagine I shall ever be rich enough to find out personally whether this is true.



THE STRIP COMES TO LIFE: In *L'il Abner* the world of strip-cartoon characters snipes at fashionable fads with huge success. Top: Marryin' Sam (Stubby Kaye) tastes the Dogpatch elixir, watched by *L'il Abner* and Daisy Mae (Peter Palmer & Leslie Parrish). Above: *L'il Abner* flexes his muscles, to the admiration of Pappy Yokum (Joe E. Marks), the exotic Moonbeam McSwine (Carmen Alvarez), Daisy Mae and Mammy Yokum (Billie Hayes)

## BOOKS



by Siriol Hugh-Jones

## Psst! want to buy a snake?

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT BOOKS about wild life in exceedingly far-flung places are the thing just at present, and sometimes I wonder if someone should not be drawing gloomy conclusions from it about our urban disenchantment with too much humanity crowded into too small a space. First there was Mrs. Adamson writing about Elsa the intelligent lioness, who has been our most popular furry heroine for months; now it is the turn of the implacable and passionately dedicated reptile-connoisseur Mr. Ionides, who is the outsize hero of Alan Wykes's superb book *Snake Man* where he roams wild and free through the pages with his rifles, his formidable supernatural reputation in Africa, his terrible cold rages, his elephant-poaching, his list of slain big game which rivals Don Giovanni's list of loves, and his likeable pet serpent Popkiss.

Many of the reviews have hastened to assure readers that no addiction to snakes is necessary to enjoy this book to the full, but by the end I was mad about them.



JOHN COWPER POWYS, 88-year-old author of nearly 40 books, has recently had a new novel, *All Or Nothing*, published by Macdonald (16s.). On a diet of tea (half the cup filled with sugar) and crisply baked bread he retains enormous vivacity, welcoming visitors to his North Wales home and expounding to them his favourite themes in Greek mythology and the works of Wordsworth

Gerti Deutsch

Nevertheless, they are no rivals to their captor, the tough little man in the terrible relic of a hat, who flogged entire villages in his time and has what is now accepted as a shockingly reactionary point of view about everything except snakes and animals but somehow comes through as entirely irresistible.

Part of the joy of this book, apart from the wily personality of its hero, is the skill with which Mr. Wykes has threaded together his hypnotic portrait-biography, with sympathy, wit (a great deal of it is wildly funny in a black-hearted way) and a sort of bland self-mockery. Through the uncharted wastes of Africa they whizz, the great glittering snakes hotly pur-

sued by Mr. Ionides with his forked sticks and his little bag, while Mr. Wykes trots meekly at his side, playing Alice to the white hunter's Red Queen, taking notes, obediently adapting his tone of voice to the Snake-Man's matter-of-fact, determinedly throw-away style, even trying his hand at a spot of snake-catching when the local help goes on strike for overtime. It is a superb subject, and a pretty and precise job of work. It afforded me no end of pleasure and alarm.

Mr. Ionides, who has apparently always claimed to have been motivated solely by profound selfishness and holds no life, especially human life, to be all that sacred, wished at one point to draw up a will leaving

his remains to be satisfactorily disposed of by hyenas, but the lawyer's nerve broke and the thing was never tidily arranged. I must say I fervently hope the hyenas will go hungry a while yet.

*In Pursuit Of The English*, by Doris Lessing is about Mrs. Lessing's life when she first arrived in London and rented a room in a house where lived hopeful Rose, Flo who cooked gargantuan, gorgeous meals, Dan who fought a terrible battle with two aged lodgers who were squalid and put spiteful pepper on the tulips, and a philosophic, disenchanted tart rather splendidly called Emily Privet. It is no one's idea of a cosy home life, but surprisingly it is not at all depressing and from time to time is ruthlessly funny. Had it been severely pruned and condensed—each episode seemed to me about a third too long—it might have been a miraculous small document about that most secret and awful aspect of London life, the rootless existence in the rented bed-sitter.

*The Answer To Life Is No* has a marvellous title, an anonymous author, an unmistakable and haunting sense of style, and a quality of damp, morbid, self-pitying hopelessness that constantly made me swear to stop reading it at the very next page. It is a glum diary written by an ex-poet who has six children (and apparently keeps a cane to ensure order, only it is mostly lost in the piano) and a young wife who is always making ready to leave him. In the end she does, which is quite a relief for them and us too.

From time to time things get so soggy and dismal that the whole thing totters lugubriously into self-parody. I am also perplexed by the anonymity, since the author establishes places and people—he worked in a Kensington bookshop—quite clearly and often by name, therefore must be immediately recognizable to friends, and why should he hide from unknown readers? The publisher has confidence that by the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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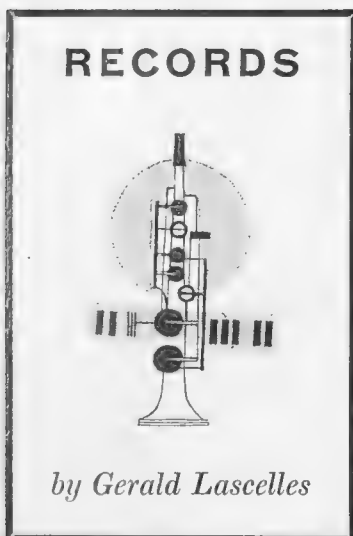


# LANCÔME

VERDICTS *continued*

end of the book the answer to life is "Yes," but he found his evidence between the lines and I was only reading the words.

*Briefly...* **The Natural History of Love** by Morton M. Hunt, is a brisk, wry stare at this ever-fascinating subject in sociological terms. Mr. Hunt comes up with no startling new surprises, but he is terse and funny and informed, and whisks us at a brisk canter through the Romans, the Greeks, the courtly lovers, the romantics—with good sound case-histories, many of them of sadly mixed-up poets and novelists—right up to the unsatisfactory contemporary muddle (our muddle, that is, not Mr. Hunt's). By the end, you can see why Mr. Ionides prefers life among the serpents. . . . **Mr. Hill & Friends**, by Hubert Nicholson, is a wild and cheerful and oddly entertaining piece of extravagance about a small round enigmatic shopkeeper who is amorous, gregarious, and fond of disguising himself as different people. It is a vaguely perplexing book—maybe because for a time I half-suspected I was missing a Message—but though I still have no notion about why Mr. Hill used so many aliases or why I was in fact concerned about him at all, the book's zest and speed take you along very easily.



## Chronicles of the founding-fathers

BOOKS ON JAZZ SEEM TO BE ISSUED nearly as often as records and are snapped up as eagerly. People apparently have an itch to read about all aspects of this complex subject and while this points to a degree of failure by us critics, who find it so hard to define to the last "T" the noble art of making jazz, it is justified by 60 years of jazz development—long enough for the lives of some remarkable characters to be seen in perspective. Four of

them, "King" Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller and Charlie Parker are the subjects of the latest volumes in the series **Kings Of Jazz** (Cassell, 6s. each).

Albert McCarthy's brief but factual treatise on Armstrong sorts out one or two historical inaccuracies, puts some of the famous record sessions into proper perspective, and indulges in the usual ration of quotes from Satchmo's inexhaustible stock of repartee! If there is a fault to be found, it is that he deals too lightly with the critical period (1930-40) when Louis was acting the part of a virtuoso and luring many other trumpeters into the same exhibitionist tendencies.

Unlike McCarthy, Martin Williams had no opportunity to study at first hand his subject, Joe "King" Oliver, the pillar of band-leading prowess in New Orleans and Chicago, who first put Armstrong into big-time jazz. As a trumpeter he undoubtedly exerted influence on those who came after, but as a bandleader he suffered from the uncrushable ego that has spelt the downfall of so many who chose the same profession. Williams's analysis of the important Oliver record sessions alone would justify this critical study.

Fats Waller is surely the Falstaff of jazz, and Charles Fox can do little to dispel this impression. He depicts the life of an impecunious composer, a pianist who lived by the day, not even the week. I commend Mr. Fox for his painstaking refutation of the story that Fats and Marcel Dupré spent an evening playing the Notre Dame organ, one of the legends which might have gone down in history—without the slightest justification. I have often tried myself to write about Fats, but found it so hard to capture the spirit of this extrovert character that I put the lid back on the typewriter every time, as dissatisfied with my own control of words and phrases as Fats must have been with his personal (not public) failure. This lay in his thwarted effort to become a classical musician of repute, an aim which, but for a hostile fate, he must have achieved.

Max Harrison's study of Charlie Parker is fraught with snags, not of the author's making but a natural result of the eccentric life which the great alto-player led. As a dangerously inverted personality, Parker never gave out, even to his friends, in the same way that the other Kings of Jazz did. He is, nevertheless, highly important, and Harrison performs the unenviable task of analyzing his numerous overlapping record sessions, his sometimes disastrous tours, and all the musical paraphernalia which went into one of the most complex personalities ever to enter upon the jazz scene. Despite his ultimate apology, where

he refers to the "... almost schizoid effect" of the narrative, Mr. Harrison has cast further balanced light on a subject which needs, above all, illumination and logic.

The records I have chosen (see page 621) illustrate some facets of the musicians mentioned and are of recent issue.



## Louise became Walter's mirror

THE SICKERT EXHIBITION AT THE Tate proves to be so exciting and extensive that I beg you, for the good of your soul, not to miss it before it closes next Sunday.

My own admiration for Sickert dates back more years than I care to admit. I wish I could claim that the admiration was reciprocated, but he had little save contempt for critics in general. Once he likened them to "a voluble tribe of marmosets" which he envisaged riding on the backs of elephants (the artists) whose movements they think they are directing.

The only consolation the chastened critic can take after that sort of thing lies in the fact that Sickert was himself a critic, who, although eminently readable and amusing, was by no means always right. We need quote only his love-is-blind eulogizing of the "genius" of Thérèse Lessore (who became his third wife). At one time, at least, he rated her above Augustus John, Henry Lamb, Stanley Spencer and himself.

Curiously he attributed to her many of his own special virtues as a painter, particularly that virtue which is the first to impress itself upon anyone confronted by the 193 paintings and drawings now at the Tate. I mean, of course, that economy of means which he believed was "perhaps the surest source of artistic enjoyment."

He seems to have had it from his earliest days as a serious painter. At any rate it is there in the

earliest of the pictures in this show—*On the Sands, St. Ives* (1883), and *Le marche aux bestiaux*, a deliciously subtle evocation of light coming through trees, made in 1885 when he was still under the active influence of Whistler. And it remained with him always, even in the dubious period of the *Echoes* (which he made from Victorian prints) and the paintings from photographs (many of which, as this exhibition shows, were surprisingly successful).

Another feature of Thérèse Lessore's work which he admired inordinately but which existed in a much higher state in his own work long before it did in hers, was the spreading of paint in such a way as to allow the ground colour to break through and the combination of this effect with opaque colour. In works as far apart in feeling, but as early in his career, as the George Moore portrait of 1890, and the *Façade of St. Mark's*, of 1895-6, he had completely mastered these Siamese-twin resources of the medium.

When Cyril Reason had his first one-man show at the Beaux Arts two years ago his literary subject-matter—predominantly mythological, Biblical and classical—and his style, with its predominantly "Old Master" influences, made no concessions to current fashions or trends. He was, it was generally felt, a talented young artist with the courage that makes for complete individuality, and one who, when he had digested the multiple influences working in him, would find an exclusive private path to explore.

But those who felt that way overlooked his impatience and restlessness. The literary subjects have given way to the nude, the still-life and the landscape, and the influences although different are even more numerous. Now it seems that there are a dozen different directions in which this artist might develop.

There is no pinning him down even to a fixed palette—almost every picture has its own. Hanging side by side, for instance, are a Matisse-ish *Odalisque*, rich as stained glass in colour, and a sombre grey-green *Woman in bath*. Factual and colourful, *Still-life with coffee pot* and *Still-life with skull and flowers*, flank a piece of abstract-impressionism painted in a modified "action" manner, *Landscape with town in distance*.

So far from finding himself, and thus helping critics to label him, Mr. Reason seems to have spent the past two years extending his diverse experiments over a continuously widening field. In his new world of foreshortened, outsize figures, expressionist cavalry charges, sombre Herman-ish portraits and clumsy, Cézanne-ish nudes on sea shores, the only survival from his earlier period is his undeniable talent.



Tom Hustler

**Bridgeman—Kenyon-Slaney:** Mary Helena, elder daughter of Col. the Hon. Henry & Mrs. Bridgeman, Fallodon Hall, Embleton, Northumberland, married William Simon Rodolph, son of Maj. R. O. R. Kenyon-Slaney and the late Mrs. Kenyon-Slaney, Hatton Grange, Shifnal, Shropshire, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



Barry Swaabe

**Hennessy—Elwes:** The Hon. Rosalie Ann Hennessy, second daughter of Lord Windlesham, of Woodbrooke, Co. Wicklow, and the late Lady Windlesham, married Peter John Gervase, eldest son of Mr. Simon & the Hon. Mrs. Elwes, of Chester Row, S.W.1, at the church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row

## Weddings



**Lindesay-Bethune—Greenacre:** Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, elder daughter of the Earl & Countess of Lindsay, of Kilconquhar, Fife, married Capt. David Laurence Greenacre, Welsh Guards, elder son of Brig. & Mrs. W. D. C. Greenacre, Saxmundham, Suffolk, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, S.W.

## Engagements



Fayor

**Comtesse Macha de Robiano to Mr. Antony Crosthwaite-Eyre.** She is the daughter of the Comte & Comtesse Victor de Robiano, of Brussels. He is the son of Col. Oliver Crosthwaite-Eyre, M.P., & Mrs. Crosthwaite-Eyre, Warrens, Bramshaw, Lyndhurst, Hants



Van Dyck Studios

**Miss Gillian Greenwood to Mr. Douglas Leighton Seager.** She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. W. Greenwood, Abberley Hall, Worcester. He is the younger son of the vice-lieutenant of Monmouthshire, Sir Leighton Seager, Bt., C.B.E., & Lady Seager of Marleigh Lodge, St. Mellons, Mon.



Yevonde

**Miss Christian Bevington (above) to Mr. Frederick Levitt.** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. F. Bevington, of St. Neots, Hunts. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Levitt, of Biggleswade, Beds. **Miss Belinda Stainton (above right) to Mr. David Swinburn.** She is the daughter of the late Mr. V. B. Stainton, and of Mrs. Stainton, of Crowborough. He is the elder son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. H. R. Swinburn, of Nunton, Salisbury. In our issue of 11 May, the picture of Miss Stainton was incorrectly described as that of Miss Bevington. This was due to an inaccuracy in the caption originally supplied to us. We regret any inconvenience caused



Yevonde

## MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

## The Farina line stretched thin



DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING FAMILIAR about the 1.6-litre Peugeot 404 saloon in the photograph above—an outline similar to the big B.M.C. sixes—a grille and tail fins reminiscent of the Lancia Flaminia? It is hardly surprising if you do, because Pinin Farina styled all three. The new Peugeot is more powerful and a little more expensive than the 403, which continues in production. Its four-cylinder engine is canted over on its side to lower the centre of gravity like the engines in the Chrysler Valiant and the Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, and its gearbox has synchromesh for all four speeds. The front backrests drop down to form reclining seats which are useful for a short nap on long trips, and a sliding roof is an optional extra. Bumpers are stainless steel and, in the Peugeot tradition, sockets are provided in the roof for neat mounting of a roof rack. The car is said to do 88 m.p.h. and should be available on the British market in a few months' time.

The style of the Peugeot is one more example of the wave of conservatism that seems to be sweeping over the European industry, especially in the cars from 1.3 to 1.6 litres which are coming out to cater for rising living standards. Manufacturers seem determined to make their cars look as much like their competitors as possible. Fiat is believed to be experimenting with a 1,300 c.c. model having the current angular outline, and it is also seen on the prototypes of the new Alfa Giulietta and of the 1,500 c.c. front-wheel-drive Lancia Flavia due out in the autumn.

One big breakaway from the present convention is, however, to be seen in the new 1½-litre car which Ford of Dagenham have been

testing secretly on the Continent. It is one of the best-looking cars ever seen in this class and might have been the first mass-produced European model to appear with four headlamps had it not been for enormous demand for the New Anglia. Now no additional models are likely to go into production before 1961. Production of the New Popular has been transferred to Doncaster and Dagenham is now making 1,000 Anglias a day, but it is not nearly enough and even the projected van and station wagon versions have been shelved for the time being. Another model delayed by booming demand for the existing range is the B.M.C. Miniminor station wagon, though a few of the vans, which look similar in outline, are now being delivered for export.

Italian model aimed at the same market, but with a more modest performance, is the new Fiat 500 four-seater station wagon. It is based on the Fiat 500 saloon, a cheerful, perky little car which quite a number of people in England have been buying lately, but its two-cylinder engine is increased in size from 479 to 499 c.c. and it is laid on its side under the floor at the rear—a solution adopted on a short-lived German miniature station wagon some years ago. More and more of today's engines have to take it lying down. The new model is called the Fiat 500 Giardiniera, so it is the direct successor of those pretty but rather heavy little front-engined models with station wagon bodies made of real wood which were the most popular small cars in Italy just after the war.

Luggage is easily loaded through the single rear door and the only signs that it is a rear-engined car are the grilles in the rear quarter

panels which take cooling air down to the under-floor engine through ducts in the corners of the body. An attractive feature is the folding roof, found on so many small Fiat models. It is said to do over 60 m.p.h. Deliveries to England should begin towards the end of the year.

Whether you look on it as saloon or station wagon or something in between, the small square vehicle like the Miniminor, the Austin A 40 and this new Fiat is going to be an extremely popular type from now on and several more are being prepared by big factories here and on the Continent. It encloses the maximum carrying space for luggage, sports kit or light goods and it is naturally steady in side winds, because as Alex Issigonis, the Miniminor designer puts it, "It has lots of fin area without the fins." Those who have seen the designs all agree that the projected Triumph Herald station wagon will be one of the most beautiful examples ever seen, if and when Standard-Triumph ever get round to building it. This is another of the good things which have been postponed because of the enormous demand for the existing range. Even the convertible is not expected on the home market before the autumn.

During the past few weeks there have been signs that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has knocked the bottom out of the small car market at home by placing cars out of reach of people who need three or four years to pay. This was an unsatisfactory kind of business which could put improvident wage earners at the mercy of the more ruthless finance companies, but if the decline in the market spreads upwards, we may see some attractive new models brought forward to tickle the buyers' fancy.



Loading up the roomy Fiat 500 station wagon with the folding roof shown open. The two-cylinder 499 c.c. engine canted on its side is completely hidden under the rear flooring

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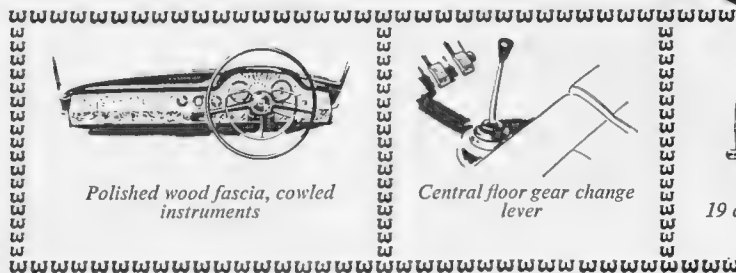
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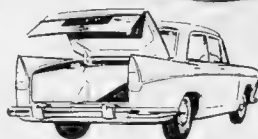
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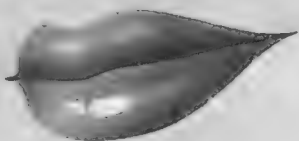


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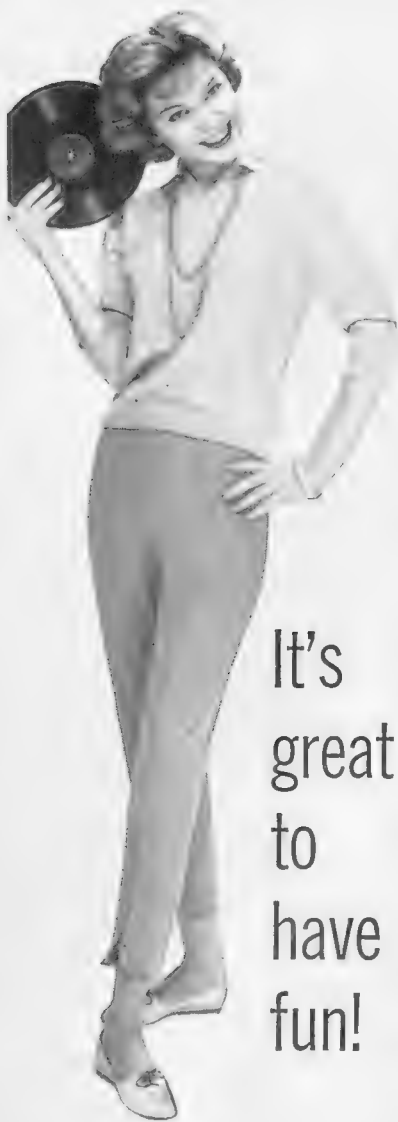
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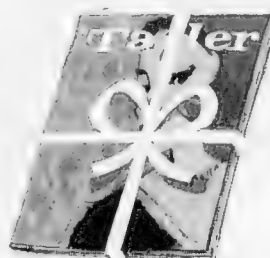
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DINING IN

## The wonder green

by HELEN BURKE

SPINACH, THE WONDER LEAFY vegetable, soft not crisp, is the only green that does anything for fish, and is the perfect companion for eggs. Further, it is the only vegetable whose stock is worth saving for a soup that a gourmet would relish. The true spinach need not have its ribs removed, but the stems, yes. Do not throw them away but boil them separately, to be sieved and added to the soup.

Three pounds of spinach will serve four people well, with some leaves left over for the soup. Pick it over and drop it into a sinkful of cold water. Let it rest there for a little, plunging it up and down from time to time to dislodge the grit which seems always to be there. Remove, clean out the sink and repeat. Three such washings are not too many.

Lift the spinach into a pan with no water other than that adhering to the wet leaves. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and boil for 8 to 10 minutes. Drain through a colander into the pan containing the stems and press out the moisture. Melt a little butter in the pan in which it was cooked, add the spinach and gently move it about to coat it well. This is spinach, as I prefer it, *en branche*. Others like to have it sieved.

For Cream of Spinach Soup make a *roux* with 1 oz. butter and  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. plain flour. Leave to cool a little, strain the spinach stock into it and whisk until well blended. Add enough milk to make 3 to 4 servings and whisk over heat until it comes to the boil. Simmer to cook the flour. Taste and add salt and freshly milled pepper, as required. Cut the reserved leaves of spinach into strips and add them, together with 2 to 3 tablespoons of double cream. Serve without stirring. The creamy streaks are so attractive.

Here is an interesting recipe for Spinach Near East taken from *The Gourmet Cookbook*, Vol. II.

Cook 3 lb. well washed spinach in the water left on the leaves for about 5 minutes and drain it. Melt 4 tablespoons bacon dripping in a saucepan, add the spinach, and cook for 5 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle the spinach with salt and pepper to taste and stir in 3 tablespoons shelled pine

nuts (pine kernels) and 1 tablespoon raisins.

*Epinards Philomet* is something of a vegetarian course and the following amounts are enough for 4 servings. Prepare 2 lb. spinach. Drop it into plenty of boiling water for 2 to 3 minutes. Place under the running cold water tap to cool. Drain well, then place on a linen cloth to dry off. Meanwhile, gently cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chopped mushrooms in 1 oz. butter and a squeeze of lemon juice for 2 minutes in a covered pan.

Place a layer of spinach in a buttered oven-dish. Sprinkle half the mushrooms over it. Top with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hard-boiled eggs, cut into sixths. (Cadec of Greek Street has a gadget for doing this, price 6s. 3d.) Add one-third of a generous  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of Bechamel sauce, slightly flavoured with grated nutmeg. Repeat spinach, mushrooms, eggs and sauce. Finish with a layer of spinach. Season the layers as you go.

To the remaining sauce, add 1 oz. each of grated Gruyère and Parmesan. Cover the top of the dish with this and bake for 30 to 35 minutes at 375 to 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5 to 6, until the top takes on a brown tone. Or, to cut down the cooking time to about 20 minutes, leave the dish in the oven for 15 minutes then place it under a moderate grill and the top will be beautifully mottled brown.

For a non-vegetarian dish, use a breakfastcup of chopped boiled bacon or ham, instead of eggs.

Another spinach dish with ham is made more quickly. Melt 2 oz. butter in a pan. Add 2 lb. drained and dried cooked spinach and keep lifting and turning it so that it does not fry. Add 4 to 6 oz. diced lean boiled ham and a slice of crustless bread, cut into small dice and quickly fried in butter to a golden tone. Season to taste.

*Epinards à la Crème* seems almost to be too well known to remark on. The cooked, dried spinach can be chopped or sieved and coated with a walnut of butter. Crumble into the spinach over heat a little *beurre manié*—that is, 1 oz. butter creamed with a little less flour. Or, if you feel that this is a little tricky, make a *roux* with the same amounts. Add to it  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint top milk, a few grains of grated nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste and a pinch of sugar (especially if it is not true spinach). Simmer to cook the flour, add the spinach and cook gently, while stirring, to blend well. Finally, add about  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint hot cream.

A book I can recommend for its good recipes and common sense is *Greek Cooking*, by Robin Howe (André Deutsch, 12s. 6d.). Mrs. Howe goes from country to country, gathering recipes from the best cooks and making the dishes herself. For those who like Grecian food, this is a mine worth exploring.

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(Continued from previous page)

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